This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

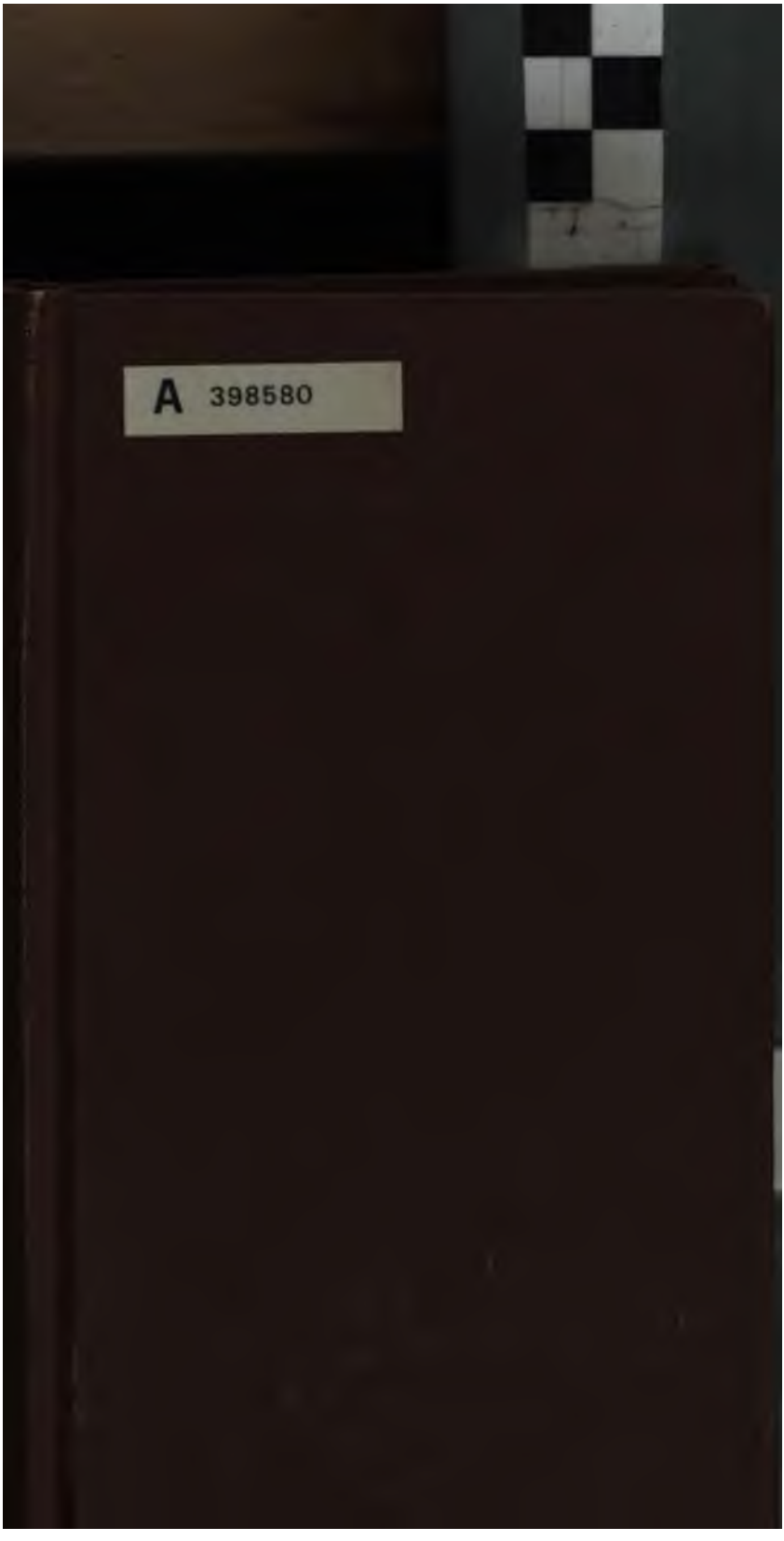
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

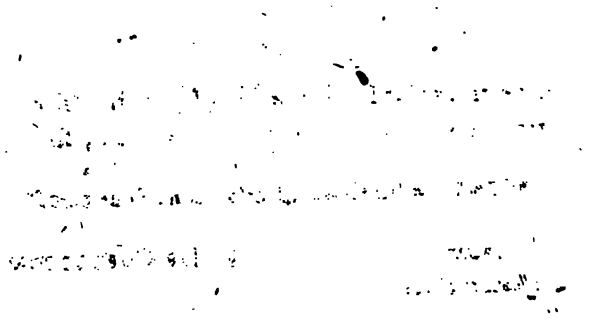
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


A 398580



Reader, this Book shall teach the pious Heart
To soar from Earth, and better Wears impart;
Flaming with Zeal to rise to Heav'n above,
And make the Tri-une God the Object of its love.

EMBLEMS

DIVINE AND MORAL:

TOGETHER WITH

HIEROGLYPHICS

OF THE

LIFE OF MAN.

WRITTEN BY

FRANCIS QUARLES.

HÆC LAUS, HIC APEX SAPIENTI ÆST, EA VIVENTEM APPETERE QUÆ MORIENTI FORENT APPETENDA.

This is true Praiſe, this lifts our Wiſdom high;
Always to live, as we would wiſh to die.

LONDON:

Printed for ALEX^R. HOGG, N° 16, Pater-Noſter-Row.

MDCCLXXVIII.

[redacted]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]-40
1977
[illegible]

RECOMMENDATORY PREFACE.

IN an age of uncommon diſſipation and levity, and in which every expedient is invented, that can vitiate the mind, and corrupt the heart; the REAL CHRISTIAN and TRUE PATRIOT ſhould loſe no opportunity to make an humble and bold attempt to ſtop the current of vice, which muſt be attended with the moſt fatal effects. "*Rari quippe* "*boni:*" the good are ſcarce and few: but however, it ill becomes them to be *idle* in the beſt cauſe; while thoſe of an oppoſite character are ſo reſolute, induſtrious, and perſevering, in the *worſt*.

THE pious education of youth is an object of the utmoſt importance to the ſafety, the peace, and proſperity of the commonwealth. One of the ſtatutes of Henry IV. of France begins thus: "The hap-"pineſs of kingdoms and people, and eſpecially of "a chriſtian ſtate, depends upon the good educa-"tion of youth: whereby the minds of the crude "and unſkilful are civilized and faſhioned; and "ſuch as would otherwiſe be uſeleſs, and of no va-"lue, are qualified to diſcharge the ſeveral offices of "the ſtate with ability and ſucceſs: by *that* they

 "are

To my much honoured, and no leſs truly beloved Friend,

EDWARD BENLOWES, ESQ.

My dear Friend,

YOU have put the theorbo into my hand, and I have played: you gave the muſician the firſt encouragement; the muſic returneth to you for patronage. Had it been a light air, no doubt but it had taken the moſt, and, among them, the worſt; but being a grave ſtrain, my hopes are, that it will pleaſe the beſt, and, among them, you. Toyiſh airs pleaſe trivial ears; they kiſs the fancy, and betray it. They cry Hail, *firſt; and after,* Crucify: *let* daws *delight to immerd themſelves in dung, whilſt* eagles *ſcorn ſo poor a game as flies. Sir, you have art and candour; let the one judge, let the other excuſe*

Your moſt affectionate Friend,

FRA. QUARLES.

TO

TO THE READER.

AN EMBLEM is but a ſilent parable: let not the tender eye check, to ſee the alluſion to our bleſſed SAVIOUR figured in theſe types. In holy ſcripture he is ſometimes called a ſower, ſometimes a fiſher, ſometimes a phyſician; and why not preſented ſo, as well to the eye as to the ear? Before the knowledge of letters, GOD was known by Hieroglyphics. And indeed what are the heavens, the earth, nay, every creature, but Hieroglyphics and Emblems of his glory? I have no more to ſay: I wiſh thee as much pleaſure in the reading, as I had in writing. Farewell, Reader.

BY fathers back'd, by holy writ led on,
Thou ſhew'ſt a way to heav'n by Helicon:
The Muſes' font is conſecrate by thee,
And Poeſy baptiz'd Divinity.
Bleſt ſoul, that here embark'ſt: thou ſail'ſt apace,
'Tis hard to ſay, mov'd more by wit or grace,
Each muſe ſo plies her oar: but O the ſail
Is fill'd from heav'n with a diviner gale:
When poets prove divines, why ſhould not I
Approve in verſe this divine poetry?
Let this ſuffice to licenſe thee the preſs:
I muſt no more, nor could the truth ſay leſs.

Sic approbavit RIC. LOVE, *Procan.* Cant.

Tot *Flores* QUARLES, quot *Paradiſus* habet.

Lectori bene *male*-volo.

Qui legit ex *Horto* hôc *Flores*, *Qui* carpit, *uterque*
Jure poteſt *Violas* dicere, jure *Roſas*:
Non è *Parnaſſo VIOLAM*, *Feſtivè ROSETO*
Carpit *Apollo*, magis quæ ſit amœna, *ROSAM*.
Quot *Verſus VIOLAS legis*; & *quem verba* locutum
Credis, *verba* dedit: Nam dedit *ille ROSAS*.'
Utque *Ego* non dicam hæc *VIOLAS* ſuaviſſima; *Tute*
Ipſe facis *VIOLAS*, *Livide*, ſi *violas*.
Nam velut è *VIOLIS* ſibi fugit *Aranea* virus:
Vertis at in ſuccos *Haſque ROSASque* tuos.
Quas *violas Muſas*, *VIOLAS* puto, quaſque recuſas
Dente tuo *roſas*, has, reor, eſſe *ROSAS*.
Sic *roſas*, facis eſſe *ROSAS*, dum, *Zoile*, rodis:
Sic facies has *VIOLAS*, *Livide*, dum *violas*.

Brent Hall, EDW. BENLOWES.
1634.

THE

THE FIRST BOOK.

The INVOCATION.

ROuſe thee, my ſoul, and drain thee from the dregs
Of vulgar thoughts: ſcrew up the heighten'd pegs
Of thy ſublime theorbo four notes higher,
And higher yet, that ſo the ſhrill-mouth'd choir
Of ſwift-wing'd ſeraphims may come and join,
And make thy concert more than half divine.
Invoke no muſe; let Heav'n be thine Apollo;
And let his ſacred influences hallow
Thy high-bred ſtrains. Let his full beams inſpire
Thy raviſh'd brains with more heroic fire:
Snatch thee a quill from the ſpread eagle's wing,
And, like the morning lark, mount up and ſing:
Caſt off theſe dangling plummets, that ſo clog
Thy lab'ring heart, which gropes in this dark fog
Of dungeon earth; let fleſh and blood forbear
To ſtop thy flight, till this baſe world appear
A thin blue landſcape: let thy pinions ſoar
So high a pitch, that men may ſeem no more
Than piſmires, crawling on this mole-hill earth,
Thy ear untroubled with their frantic mirth;
Let not the frailty of thy fleſh diſturb
Thy new-concluded peace; let reaſon curb
Thy hot-mouth'd paſſion; and let heav'n's fire ſeaſon
The freſh conceits of thy corrected reaſon.
Diſdain to warm thee at luſt's ſmoaky fires,
Scorn, ſcorn to feed on thy old bloat deſires:
Come, come, my ſoul, hoiſe up thy higher ſails,
The wind blows fair; ſhall we ſtill creep like ſnails,

That

That glide their ways with their own native ſlimes?
No, we muſt fly like eagles; and our rhymes
Muſt mount to heav'n, and reach th' Olympic ear;
Our heav'n-blown fire muſt ſeek no other ſphere.
Thou great Theanthropos, that giv'ſt and ground'ſt
Thy gifts in duſt, and from our dunghill crown'ſt
Reflecting honour, taking, by retale,
What thou haſt giv'n in groſs, from lapſed, frail,
And ſinful man: that drink'ſt full draughts, wherein
Thy children's leprous fingers, ſcurf'd with ſin,
Have paddled; cleanſe, O cleanſe my crafty ſoul
From ſecret crimes, and let my thoughts controul
My thoughts: O teach me ſtoutly to deny
Myſelf, that I may be no longer I:
Enrich my fancy, clarify my thoughts,
Refine my droſs; O wink at human faults;
And, through the ſlender current of my quill,
Convey thy current, whoſe clear ſtreams may fill
The hearts of men with love, their tongues with praiſe:
Crown me with glory, take who liſt the bays.

B I *Emb. 1.*

Totus Mundus in Maligno (Maliligno) positus est.

Thus all the Ills that Man sustains on Earth,
From this bad Tree first drew their fatal Birth.

UNIV. OF MICH.

I.

James i. 14.

Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away by his own luſt, and enticed.

Serpent. Eve.

Serp. NOt eat? not taſte? not touch? not caſt an eye
Upon the fruit of this fair tree? And why?
Why eat'ſt thou not what Heav'n ordain'd for food?
Or canſt thou think that bad which Heav'n call'd good?
Why was it made, if not to be enjoy'd?
Neglect of favours makes a favour void:
Bleſſings unus'd, pervert into a waſte,
As well as ſurfeits; woman, do but taſte:
See how the laden boughs make ſilent ſuit
To be enjoy'd; look how their bending fruit
Meet thee half-way: obſerve but how they crouch
To kiſs thy hand; coy woman, do but touch:
Mark what a pure vermilion bluſh has dy'd
Their ſwelling cheeks; and how for ſhame they hide
Their palſy heads, to ſee themſelves ſtand by
Neglected: Woman, do but caſt an eye.
What bounteous Heav'n ordain'd for uſe, refuſe not:
Come, pull and eat: y'abuſe the thing ye uſe not.

Eve. Wiſeſt of beaſts, our great Creator did
Reſerve this tree, and this alone forbid;
The reſt are freely ours, which doubtleſs are
As pleaſing to the taſte; to th'eye as fair:
But touching this, his ſtrict commands are ſuch,
'Tis death to taſte, no leſs than death to touch.

Serp. Piſh; death's a fable: did not Heav'n inſpire
Your equal elements with living fire,

Blown from the ſpring of life? Is not that breath
Immortal? Come; ye are as free from death
As he that made you. Can the flames expire
Which he has kindled? Can ye quench his fire?
Did not the great Creator's voice proclaim
Whate'er he made (from the blue ſpangled frame
To the poor leaf that trembles) very good?
Bleſs'd he not both the feeder and the food?
Tell, tell me, then, what danger can accrue
From ſuch bleſt food, to ſuch half gods as you?
Curb needleſs fears, and let no fond conceit
Abuſe your freedom; woman, take and eat.
Eve. 'Tis true, we are immortal; death is yet
Unborn, and, till rebellion make it debt,
Undue; I know the fruit is good, until
Preſumptuous diſobedience make it ill.
The lips that open to this fruit's a portal
To let in death, and make immortal mortal. [not.
Serp. You cannot die; come, woman, taſte, and fear
Eve. Shall *Eve* tranſgreſs? I dare not, O I dare not.
Serp. Afraid? Why draw'ſt thou back thy tim'rous
Harm only falls on ſuch as fear a harm. [arm?
Heav'n knows and fears the virtue of this tree:
'Twill make you perfect gods as well as He.
Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondneſs never
Fear death: do, pull, and eat, and live for ever.
Eve. 'Tis but an apple; and it is as good
To do, as to deſire. Fruit's made for food:
I'll pull, and taſte, and tempt my Adam too
To know the ſecrets of this dainty. *Serp.* Do.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. ſup. Matth.

He forced him not: he touched him not: only ſaid, Caſt thyſelf down; *that we may know, that whoſoever obeyeth the devil, caſteth himſelf down: for the devil may ſuggeſt, compel he cannot.*

S. BERN. in Ser.

It is the devil's part to ſuggeſt: ours, not to conſent. As oft as we reſiſt him, ſo often we overcome him: as often as we overcome him, ſo often we bring joy to the angels, and glory to God: who oppoſeth us, that we may contend; and aſſiſteth us, that we may conquer.

EPIG. 1.

Unlucky parliament! wherein, at laſt,
Both houſes are agreed, and firmly paſt
An act of death confirm'd by higher powers:
O had it had but ſuch ſucceſs as ours!

II.

JAMES i. 15.

Then when luſt hath conceived, it bringeth forth ſin; and ſin, when it is finiſhed, bringeth forth death.

1.

LAment, lament; look, look, what thou haſt done:
Lament the world's, lament thine own eſtate:
Look, look, by doing, how thou art undone;
Lament thy fall, lament thy change of ſtate:
Thy faith is broken, and thy freedom gone,
See, ſee too, ſoon, what thou lament'ſt too late.
O thou that wert ſo many men, nay, all
Abridg'd in one! how has thy deſp'rate fall
Deſtroy'd thy unborn ſeed, deſtroy'd thyſelf withal!

2.

Uxorious Adam, whom thy Maker made
Equal to angels that excel in pow'r,
What haſt thou done? O why haſt thou obey'd
Thy own deſtruction? Like a new-cropt flow'r,
How does the glory of thy beauty fade!
How are thy fortunes blaſted in an hour!
How art thou cow'd, that had'ſt the pow'r to quell
The ſpite of new-fall'n angels, baffle hell,
And vie with thoſe that ſtood, and vanquiſh thoſe that [fell!

3.

See how the world (whoſe chaſte and pregnant womb
Of late conceiv'd, and brought forth nothing ill)

Is now degenerated, and become
A baſe adultereſs, whoſe falſe births do fill
The earth with monſters, monſters that do roam
And rage about, and make a trade to kill:
Now glutt'ny paunches; luſt begins to ſpawn;
Wrath takes revenge, and avarice a pawn;
Pale envy pines, pride ſwells, and ſloth begins to yawn.

4.

The air that whiſper'd, now begins to roar;
And bluſt'ring Boreas blows the boiling tide;
The white-mouth'd water now uſurps the ſhore,
And ſcorns the pow'r of her tridental guide;
The fire now burns, that did but warm before,
And rules her ruler with reſiſtleſs pride:
Fire, water, earth, and air, that firſt were made
To be ſubdu'd, ſee how they now invade;
They rule whom once they ſerv'd, command where once
[obey'd.

5.

Behold, that nakedneſs, that late bewray'd
Thy glory, now's become thy ſhame, thy wonder;
Behold, thoſe trees, whoſe various fruits were made
For food, now turn'd a ſhade to ſhrowd thee under;
Behold, that voice (which thou haſt diſobey'd),
That late was muſic, now affrights like thunder:
Poor man! are not thy joints grown ſore with ſha-
To view th'effect of thy bold undertaking, [king
That in one hour didſt mar what Heav'n ſix days was
[making?

S. AUGUST. lib. i. de Lib. Arbit.

It is a moſt juſt puniſhment, that man ſhould loſe that freedom which man could not uſe, yet had power to keep, if he would; and that he who had knowledge to do what was right, and did not, ſhould be deprived of the knowledge of what was right: and that he who would not do righteouſly when he had the power, ſhould loſe the power to do it when he had the will.

Hugo de Anima.

They are juſtly puniſhed, that abuſe lawful things; but they are moſt juſtly puniſhed, that uſe unlawful things: thus Lucifer fell from heaven; thus Adam loſt his paradiſe.

EPIG. 2.

See how theſe fruitful kernels, being caſt
Upon the earth, how thick they ſpring! how faſt!
A full-ear'd crop and thriving, rank and proud;
Prepoſt'rous man firſt ſow'd, and then he plough'd.

B.I. *Emb.* 3.

Ut potiar, patior, patieris, non potieris.

My Suff'rings with Enjoyment shall be crownd.
Without Enjoyment shall thy Pains abound.

III.

PROV. xiv. 13.

Even in laughter the heart is ſorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heavineſs.

1.

ALas! fond child,
How are thy thoughts beguil'd
To hope for honey from a neſt of waſps?
Thou may'ſt as well
Go ſeek for eaſe in hell,
Or ſprightly nectar from the mouths of aſps.

2.

The world's a hive,
From whence thou can'ſt derive
No good, but what thy ſoul's vexation brings:
Put caſe thou meet
Some petti-petti-ſweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thouſand ſtings.

3.

Why doſt thou make
Theſe murm'ring troops forſake
The ſafe protection of their waxen homes?
Their hive contains
No ſweet that's worth thy pains;
There's nothing here, alas! but empty combs.

4.

For traſh and toys,
And grief-engend'ring joys,

What torment ſeems too ſharp for fleſh and blood!
What bitter pills,
Compos'd of real ills,
Men ſwallow down, to purchaſe one falſe good!

5.

The dainties here,
Are leaſt what they appear;
Though ſweet in hopes, yet in fruition ſour:
The fruit that's yellow,
Is found not always mellow;
The faireſt tulip's not the ſweeteſt flow'r.

6.

Fond youth, give o'er,
And vex thy ſoul no more
In ſeeking what were better far unfound;
Alas! thy gains
Are only preſent pains
To gather ſcorpions for a future wound.

7.

What's earth? or in it,
That longer than a minute,
Can lend a free delight that can endure?
O who would droil *,
Or delve in ſuch a ſoil,
Where gain's uncertain, and the pain is ſure?

* *Droil*, i. e. drudge.

S. AU-

S. AUGUST.

Sweetneſs in temporal matters is deceitful: it is a labour and a perpetual fear; it is a dangerous pleaſure, whoſe beginning is without providence, and whoſe end is not without repentance.

HUGO.

Luxury is an enticing pleaſure, a baſtard mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a ſting in her tail.

EPIG. 3.

What, Cupid, are thy ſhafts already made?
And ſeeking honey to ſet up thy trade,
True emblem of thy ſweets! Thy bees do bring
Honey in their mouths, but in their tails a ſting.

IV.

PSALM lxii. 29.

To be laid in the balance, it is altogether lighter than vanity.

1.

PUT in another weight: 'tis yet too light:
And yet, fond Cupid, put another in;
And yet another: ſtill there's under-weight:
Put in another hundred: put again;
Add world to world; then heap a thouſand more
To that; then, to renew thy waſted ſtore,
Take up more worlds on truſt, to draw thy balance
[low'r.

2.

Put in the fleſh, with all her loads of pleaſure;
Put in great Mammon's endleſs inventory;
Put in the pond'rous acts of mighty Cæſar:
Put in the greater weight of Sweden's glory;
Add Scipio's gauntlet; put in Plato's gown:
Put Circe's charms, put in the triple crown.
Thy balance will not draw; thy balance will not
[down.

3.

Lord! what a world is this, which day and night
Men ſeek with ſo much toil, with ſo much trouble?
Which, weigh'd in equal ſcales, is found ſo light,
So poorly overbalanc'd with a bubble!
Good God! that frantic mortals ſhould deſtroy
Their higher hopes, and place their idle joy
Upon ſuch airy traſh, upon ſo light a toy!

Thou.

B. I. *Emb.* 4.

Quis levior ? cui plus ponderi addit Amor.

Which is the lightest in the Scale of Fate ?
That where fond Cupid still is adding Weight.

4.

Thou bold impoſtor, how haſt thou befool'd
The tribe of man with counterfeit deſire!
How has the breath of thy falſe bellows cool'd
Heav'n's freeborn flame, and kindled baſtard fire!
How haſt thou vented droſs inſtead of treaſure,
And cheated men with thy falſe weights and meaſure,
Proclaiming bad for good; and gilding death with pleaſure!

5.

The world's a crafty ſtrumpet, moſt affecting
And cloſely following thoſe that moſt reject her;
But ſeeming careleſs, nicely diſreſpecting
And coyly flying thoſe that moſt affect her:
If thou be free, ſhe's ſtrange; if ſtrange, ſhe's free;
Flee, and ſhe follows; follow, and ſhe'll flee:
Than ſhe there's none more coy, there's none more fond than ſhe.

6.

O what a crocodilian world is this,
Compos'd of treach'ries, and inſnaring wiles!
She cloathes deſtruction in a formal kiſs,
And lodges death in her deſtructive ſmiles;
She hugs the ſoul ſhe hates; and there does prove
The very'ſt tyrant, where ſhe vows to love;
And is a ſerpent moſt, when moſt ſhe ſeems a dove.

7.

Thrice happy he, whoſe nobler thoughts deſpiſe
To make an object of ſo eaſy gains;
Thrice happy he, who ſcorns ſo poor a prize
Should be the crown of his heroic pains:
Thrice happy he, that ne'er was born to try
Her frowns or ſmiles: or, being born, did lie
In his ſad nurſe's arms an hour or two, and die!

S. A U-

S. AUGUST. lib. Confeſſ.

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do ye fight? Your hopes can be crowned with no greater reward than the world can give; and what is the world, but a brittle thing full of dangers, wherein we travel from leſſer to greater perils? O let all her vain, light, momentary glory, periſh with herſelf, and let us be converſant with more eternal things. Alas! this world is miſerable; life is ſhort, and death is ſure.

EPIG. 4.

My ſoul, what's lighter than a feather? Wind.
Than wind? The fire. And what, than fire? The mind.
What's lighter than the mind? A thought. Than thought?
This bubble world. What, than this bubble? Nought.

B. I. *Emb.* 5.

His vertitur Orbis.

Thus in perpetual Course the Ball is seen,
Lashid on in wanton Sport by Lust and Spleen.

V.

1 Cor. vii. 13.

The faſhion of this world paſſeth away.

GONE are thoſe golden days, wherein
Pale conſcience ſtarted not at ugly ſin:
When good old Saturn's peaceful throne
Was unuſurped by his beardleſs ſon:
When jealous Ops ne'er fear'd th' abuſe
Of her chaſte bed, or breach of nuptial truce:
When juſt Aſtræa pois'd her ſcales
In mortal hearts, whoſe abſence earth bewails:
When froth-born Venus and her brat,
With all that ſpurious brood young Jove begat,
In horrid ſhapes were yet unknown:
Thoſe halcyon days, that golden age is gone.
There was no client then to wait
The leiſure of his long-tail'd advocate;
The talion law was in requeſt,
And chanc'ry courts were kept in ev'ry breaſt:
Abuſed ſtatutes had no tenters,
And men could deal ſecure without indentures:
There was no peeping hole to clear
The wittal's * eye from his incarnate fear;
There were no luſtful cinders then
To broil the carbonado'd hearts of men:
The roſy cheeks did then proclaim
A ſhame of guilt, but not a guilt of ſhame:
There was no whining ſoul to ſtart
At Cupid's twang, or curſe his flaming dart;
The boy had then but callow wings,
And fell Erinnys' ſcorpions had no ſtings:

* *Wittal*, i. e. a cuckold.

The

The better-acted world did move
Upon the fixed poles of truth and love.
Love eſſenc'd in the hearts of men!
Then reaſon rul'd, there was no paſſion then;
Till luſt and rage began to enter,
Love the circumf'rence was, and love the centre;
Until the wanton days of Jove,
The ſimple world was all compos'd of love;
But Jove grew fleſhly, falſe, unjuſt;
Inferior beauty fill'd his veins with luſt:
And cucquean * Juno's fury hurl'd
Fierce balls of rape into th' inceſtuous world:
Aſtræa fled, and love return'd
From earth, earth boil'd with luſt, with rage it burn'd,
And ever ſince the world hath been
Kept going with the ſcourge of luſt and ſpleen.

* *Cucquean*, i. e. whorish.

S. AMBROSE.

Luſt is a ſharp ſpur to vice, which always putteth the affections into a falſe gallop.

HUGO.

Luſt is an immoderate wantonneſs of the fleſh, a ſweet poiſon, a cruel peſtilence; a pernicious poiſon, which weakeneth the body of man, and effeminateth the ſtrength of an heroic mind.

S. AUGUST.

Envy is the hatred of another's felicity: in reſpect of ſuperiors, becauſe they are not equal to them; in reſpect of inferiors, leſt he ſhould be equal to them; in reſpect of equals, becauſe they are equal to them: through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and death of Chriſt.

EPIG. 5.

What, Cupid, muſt the world be laſh'd ſo ſoon?
But made at morning, and be whipt at noon?
'Tis like the wag that plays with Venus' doves,
The more 'tis laſh'd, the more perverſe it proves.

VI.

ECCLES. ii. 17.

All is vanity and vexation of ſpirit.

1.

HOW is the anxious ſoul of man befool'd
In his deſire,
That thinks an hectic fever may be cool'd
In flames of fire?
Or hopes to rake full heaps of burniſh'd gold
From naſty mire?
A whining lover may as well requeſt
A ſcornful breaſt
To melt in gentle tears, as woo the world for reſt.

2.

Let wit, and all her ſtudy'd plots effect
The beſt they can;
Let ſmiling fortune proſper and perfect
What wit began;
Let earth adviſe with both, and ſo project
A happy man;
Let wit or fawning fortune vie their beſt;
He may be bleſt
With all that earth can give; but earth can give no reſt.

3.

Whoſe gold is double with a careful hand,
His cares are double;

The

B.I. *Emb. 6.*

In Cruce tuta quies.

A Crofs alone is what you get at beſt ;
The Crofs at laſt muſt give you Peace and Reſt.

UNIV. OF MICH.

The pleaſure, honour, wealth of ſea and land
Bring but a trouble;
The world itſelf, and all the world's command,
Is but a bubble.
The ſtrong deſires of man's inſatiate breaſt
May ſtand poſſeſt
Of all that earth can give; but earth can give no reſt.

4.

The world's a ſeeming par'diſe, but her own
And man's tormenter;
Appearing fix'd, yet but a rolling ſtone
Without a tenter;
It is a vaſt circumference, where none
Can find a centre.
Of more than earth, can earth make none poſſeſt;
And he that leaſt
Regards this reſtleſs world, ſhall in this world find reſt.

5.

True reſt conſiſts not in the oft revying *
Of worldly droſs;
Earth's miry purchaſe is not worth the buying;
Her gain is loſs;
Her reſt but giddy toil, if not relying
Upon her croſs.
How worldlings droil † for trouble! That fond breaſt
That is poſſeſt
Of earth without a croſs, has earth without a reſt.

* *Revying*, a term uſed at cards.

† *Droil*, i. e. drudge, *or* labor.

CASS. in Pſ.

The croſs is the invincible ſanctuary of the humble: the dejection of the proud, the victory of Chriſt, the deſtruction of the devil, the confirmation of the faithful, the death of the unbelievers, the life of the juſt.

DAMASCEN.

The croſs of Chriſt is the key of paradiſe; the weak man's ſtaff; the convert's convoy; the upright man's perfection; the ſoul and body's health; the prevention of all evil, and the procurer of all good.

EPIG. 6.

Worldlings, whoſe whimpering folly holds the toſſes
Of honour, pleaſure, health, and wealth ſuch croſſes,
Look here, and tell me what your arms engroſs:
When the beſt end of what he hug's a croſs.

B. I. *Emb.* 7.

Latet Hostis, et Otia ducis?

The Foe lies close in wait; and canst thou keep
Thy Station here, and thus securely sleep?

UNIV. OF MICH.

VII.

1 PET. v. 8.

Be ſober, be vigilant; becauſe your adverſary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, ſeeking whom he may devour.

1.

WHY doſt thou ſuffer luſtfull ſloth to creep
(Dull Cyprian lad!) into thy wanton brows?
Is this a time to pay thine idle vows
At Morpheus' ſhrine? Is this a time to ſteep
Thy brains in waſteful ſlumbers? up, and rouſe
Thy leaden ſpirit: Is this a time to ſleep?
Adjourn thy ſanguine dreams, awake, ariſe,
Call in thy thoughts; and let them all adviſe,
Had'ſt thou as many heads as thou haſt wounded eyes.

2.

Look, look, what horrid furies do await
Thy flatt'ring ſlumbers! If thy drowſy head
But chance to nod, thou fall'ſt into a bed
Of ſulph'rous flames, whoſe torments want a date.
Fond boy, be wiſe: let not thy thoughts be led
With Phrygian wiſdom; fools are wiſe too late:
Beware betimes; and let thy reaſon ſever [never;
Thoſe gates which paſſion clos'd; wake now or
For if thou nod'ſt, thou fall'ſt; and, falling, fall'ſt for [ever.

VIII.

Luke vi. 25.

Woe be to you that laugh now, for ye ſhall mourn and weep.

THE world's a popular diſeaſe, that reigns
Within the froward heart and frantic brains
Of poor diſtemper'd mortals; oft ariſing
From ill digeſtion, through th'unequal poiſing
Of ill-weigh'd elements, whoſe light directs
Malignant humours to malign effects:
One raves and labours with a boiling liver;
Rends hair by handfulls, curſing Cupid's quiver:
Another, with a bloody flux of oaths,
Vows deep revenge: one doats: the other loathes:
One friſks and ſings, and cries, A flaggon more
To drench dry cares, and make the welkin * roar:
Another droops: the ſun-ſhine makes him ſad;
Heav'n cannot pleaſe: one's mope'd; the other's mad:
One hugs his gold; another lets it fly:
He knowing not, for whom; nor t'other, why.
One ſpends his day in plots, his night in play;
Another ſleeps and ſlugs both night and day:
One laughs at this thing; t'other cries for that:
But neither one nor t'other knows for what.
Wonder of wonders! what we ought t'evite †,
As our diſeaſe, we hug as our delight:
'Tis held a ſymptom of approaching danger,
When diſacquainted ſenſe becomes a ſtranger,
And takes no knowledge of an old diſeaſe;
But when a noiſom grief begins to pleaſe.

* *Welkin*, an old word for ſky.

† *Evite*, i. e. to ſhun, or avoid.

The

B. I. *Emb. 8.*

Et risu necat.

'Tis thus the World her Votaries beguiles
With fair appearances; and kills with Smiles.

The unreſiſting ſenſe, it is a fear
That death has parly'd, and compounded there:
As when the dreadful Thund'rer's awful hand
Pours forth a vial on th' infected land,
At firſt th' affrighted mortals quake and fear;
And ev'ry noiſe is thought the Thunderer:
But when the frequent ſoul-departing bell
Has pav'd their ears with her familiar knell,
It is reputed but a nine day's wonder,
They neither fear the Thund'rer, nor his thunder.
So when the world (a worſe diſeaſe!) began
To ſmart for ſin, poor new-created man
Could ſeek for ſhelter, and his gen'rous ſon
Knew by his wages what his hands had done:
But bold-face'd mortals in our bluſhleſs times
Can ſing and ſmile, and make a ſport of crimes,
Tranſgreſs of cuſtom, and rebel in eaſe:
We falſe-joy'd fools can triumph in diſeaſe,
And (as the careleſs pilgrim, being bit
By the Tarantula, begins a fit
Of life-concluding laughter) waſte our breath
In lawleſs pleaſure, till we laugh to death.

HUGO.

HUGO.

What profit is there in vain-glory, momentary mirth, the world's power, the fleſh's pleaſure, full riches, noble deſcent, and great deſires? Where is their laughter? where is their mirth? where their inſolence? their arrogance? From how much joy, to how much ſadneſs! After how much mirth, how much miſery! From how great glory are they fallen, to how great torment! What hath fallen to them, may befal thee, becauſe thou art a man: thou art of earth; thou liveſt of earth; thou ſhalt return to earth. Death expecteth thee every-where; be wiſe, therefore, and expect death every-where.

EPIG. 8.

What ails the fool to laugh? Does ſomething pleaſe
His vain conceit? Or is't a mere diſeaſe?
Fool, giggle on, and waſte thy wanton breath;
Thy morning laughter breeds an ev'ning death.

B. I. *Emb. 9.*

Fruſtra quis ſtabilem figat in Orbe Gradum.

This changing World no lasting Joys can give,
The ſlippry Ground your Footſteps will deceive.

NIV.

IX.

1 John ii. 17.

The world paſſeth away, and all the luſts thereof.

1.

DRAW near, brave ſparks, whoſe ſpirits ſcorn to light
Your hallow'd tapers but at honour's flame;
You, whoſe heroic actions take delight
To varniſh over a new painted name;
Whoſe high-bred thoughts diſdain to take their flight
But on th' Icarian wings of babbling fame;
Behold, how tott'ring are your high-built ſtories
Of earth, whereon you truſt the ground-work of your glories.

2.

And you, more brain-ſick lovers, that can prize
A wanton ſmile before eternal joys;
That know no heaven but in your miſtreſs' eyes;
That feel no pleaſure but what ſenſe enjoys:
That can, like crown-diſtemper'd fools, deſpiſe
True riches, and like babies whine for toys:
Think ye the pageants of your hopes are able
To ſtand ſecure on earth, when earth itſelf's unſtable?

3.

Come, dunghill worldlings, you that root like ſwine,
And caſt up golden trenches where ye come:
Whoſe only pleaſure is to undermine,
And view the ſecrets of your mother's womb:
Come, bring your ſaint pouch'd in his leathern ſhrine,
And ſummon all your griping angels home;
Behold your world, the bank of all your ſtore,
The world ye ſo admire, the world ye ſo adore.

4.

A feeble world, whoſe hot-mouth'd pleaſures tire
Before the race; before the ſtart, retreat;
A faithleſs world, whoſe falſe delights expire
Before the term of half their promis'd date:
A fickle world, not worth the leaſt deſire,
Where ev'ry chance proclaims a change of fate:
A feeble, faithleſs, fickle world, wherein
Each motion proves a vice; and ev'ry act a ſin.

5.

The beauty, that of late was in her flow'r,
Is now a ruin, not to raiſe a luſt:
He that was lately drench'd in Danaë's ſhow'r,
Is maſter now of neither good nor truſt;
Whoſe honour late was mann'd with princely pow'r,
His glory now lies bury'd in the duſt;
O who would truſt this world, or prize what's in it,
That gives and takes, and chops and changes ev'ry minute!

6.

Nor length of days, nor ſolid ſtrength of brain,
Can find a place wherein to reſt ſecure:
The world is various, and the earth is vain,
There's nothing certain here, there's nothing ſure:
We trudge, we travel, but from pain to pain,
And what's our only grief's our only cure:
The world's a torment; he that would endeavour
To find the way to reſt, muſt ſeek the way to leave her.

S. GREG.

S. GREG. in Hom.

Behold, the world is withered in itſelf, yet flouriſheth in our hearts; every-where death, every-where grief, every-where deſolation: on every ſide, we are ſmitten; on every ſide, filled with bitterneſs; and yet, with the blind mind of carnal deſire, we love her bitterneſs: it flieth, and we follow it; it falleth, yet we ſtick to it: and becauſe we cannot enjoy it falling, we fall with it, and enjoy it fallen.

EPIG. 9.

If Fortune fail, or envious Time but ſpurn,
The world turns round, and with the world we turn:
When Fortune ſees, and Lynx-ey'd Time is blind,
I'll truſt thy joys, O world; till then, the wind.

JOHN viii. 44.

Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do.

HEre's your right ground: wag gently o'er this [black:
'Tis a ſhort caſt; y'are quickly at the jack.
Rub, rub an inch or two; two crowns to one
On this bowl's ſide; blow, wind; 'tis fairly thrown:
The next bowl's wor e that comes; come, bowl away:
Mammon, you know the ground; untutor'd, play:
Your laſt was gone; a yard of ſtrength, well ſpare'd,
Had touch'd the block; your hand is ſtill too hard.
Brave paſtime, readers; to conſume that day,
Which, without paſtime, flies too ſwift away!
See how they labour; as if day and night
Were both too ſhort to ſerve their looſe delight:
See how their curved bodies wreath, and ſcrew
Such antic ſhapes as Proteus never knew:
One raps an oath, another deals a curſe;
He never better bowl'd; this, never worſe:
One rubs his itchleſs elbow, ſhrugs and laughs:
The other bends his beetle brows, and chafes:
Sometimes they whoop, ſometimes their Stygian cries
Send their black Santo's to the bluſhing ſkies:
Thus mingling humours in a mad confuſion,
They make bad premiſes, and worſe concluſion:
But where's a palm that Fortune's hand allows
To bleſs the victor's honourable brows?
Come, reader, come; I'll light thine eye the way
To view the prize, the while the gameſters play:

B. I. *Emb.* 10.

Utriusque Crepundia Merces.

The Sum of all that thus their Strength employs
On either side, are Folly's glitt'ring Toys.

UNIV. OF MICH.

Close by the jack, behold, jill Fortune ſtands
To wave the game; ſee in her partial hands
The glorious garland's held in open ſhow,
To chear the lads, and crown the conqu'ror's brow.
The world's the jack; the gameſters that contend,
Are Cupid, Mammon: that judicious fiend,
That gives the ground, is Satan: and the bowls
Are ſinful thoughts; the prize, a crown for fools.
Who breathes that bowls not? What bold tongue can ſay,
Without a bluſh, he has not bowl'd to-day?
It is the trade of man, and ev'ry ſinner
Has play'd his rubbers: every ſoul's a winner.
The vulgar proverb's croſt, he hardly can
Be a good bowler and an honeſt man.
Good God! turn thou my Braſil thoughts anew;
New-ſole my bowls, and make their bias true.
I'll ceaſe the game, till fairer ground be given;
Nor wiſh to win, until the mark be heav'n.

S. BERNARD. Lib. de Confid.

O you ſons of Adam, *you covetous generations, what have ye to do with earthly riches, which are neither true, nor yours? Gold and ſilver are real earth, red and white, which the only error of man makes, or rather reputes, precious: in ſhort, if they be yours, carry them with you.*

S. HIERON. in Ep.

O luſt, thou infernal fire, whoſe fuel is gluttony; whoſe flame is pride; whoſe ſparkles are wanton words; whoſe ſmoke is infamy; whoſe aſhes are uncleanneſs; whoſe end is hell.

EPIG. 10.

Mammon, well follow'd: Cupid; bravely led;
Both touchers; equal fortune makes a dead:
No reed can meaſure where the conqueſt lies;
Take my advice; compound, and ſhare the prize.

B. I. *Emb.* 11.

Mundus in Exitium ruit.

Their ill-tim'd Speed admits of no Delay:
Thus to Destruction runs the World away.

UNIV. OF MICH.

XI.

EPHES. ii. 2.

Ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the air.

1.

O Whither will this mad-brain world, at last,
Be driv'n? Where will her restless wheels ar-
Why hurries on her ill-match'd pair so fast? [rive?
O whither means her furious groom to drive?
What, will her rambling fits be never past?
For ever ranging? Never once retrieve?
Will earth's perpetual progress ne'er expire?
Her team continuing in their fresh career:
And yet they never rest, and yet they never tire.

2.

Sol's hot-mouth'd steeds, whose nostrils vomit flame,
And brasen lungs belch forth quotidian fire;
Their twelve hours task perform'd, grow stiff and lame,
And their immortal spirits faint and tire:
At th' azure mountain's foot their labours claim
The privilege of rest, where they retire
To quench their burning fetlocks, and go steep
Their flaming nostrils in the western deep,
And 'freth their tire'd souls with strength-restoring sleep.

3.

But these prodigious hackneys, basely got
'Twixt men and devils, made for race or flight,
Can drag the lazy world, expecting not
The end of toil, but travel with delight;
Who, never weighing way nor weather, trot

Thro' duſt and dirt, and droil both night and day;
Thus droil theſe fiends incarnate, whoſe free pains
Are fed with dropſies and venereal blains:
No need to uſe the whip; but ſtrength to rule the reins.

4.

Poor captive world! how has thy lightneſs giv'n
A juſt occaſion to thy foes' illuſion!
O, how art thou betray'd; thus fairly driv'n,
In ſeeming triumph, to thy own confuſion!
How is the empty univerſe bereav'n
Of all true joys, by one falſe joy's deluſion!
So I have ſeen an unblown virgin led
With ſugar'd words ſo full, that ſhe is led
A fair attended bride to a falſe bankrupt's bed.

5.

Pull, gracious Lord! Let not thine arm forſake
The world impounded in her own devices:
Think of that pleaſure that thou once did'ſt take
Amongſt the lilies and ſweet beds of ſpices.
Hale ſtrongly, thou whoſe hand has pow'r to ſlack
The ſwift-foot fury of ten thouſand vices:
Let not that duſt-devouring dragon boaſt,
His craft has won what Judah's Lion loſt;
Remember what is crav'd; recount the price it coſt.

ISIDOR.

ISIDOR. Lib. i. de Summo Bono.

By how much the nearer Satan perceiveth the world to an end, by ſo much the more fiercely he troubleth it with perſecution; that, knowing himſelf to be damned, he may get company in his damnation.

CYPRIAN. in Ep.

Broad and ſpacious is the road to infernal life; there are inticements and death-bringing pleaſures. There the devil flattereth, that he may deceive; ſmileth, that he may endamage; allureth, that he may deſtroy.

EPIG. 11.

Nay, ſoft and fair, good world; poſte not too faſt;
Thy journey's end requires not half this haſte.
Unleſs that arm thou ſo diſdain'ſt, reprives* thee,
Alas, thou needs muſt go; the devil drives thee.

* *Reprives*, i. e. curbs, reſtrains; from the French, *reprimer*.

XII.

Isaiah lxvi. 11.

Ye may ſuck, but not be ſatisfied with the breaſt of her conſolation.

1.

WHAT, never fill'd? Be thy lips ſcrew'd ſo faſt
To th'earth's full breaſt? for ſhame, for ſhame, unſeize thee;
Thou take'ſt a ſurfeit where thou ſhould'ſt but taſte,
And make'ſt too much not half enough to pleaſe thee.
Ah, fool, forbear; thou ſwalloweſt at one breath
Both food and poiſon down; thou draw'ſt both milk and death.

2.

The ub'rous breaſts, when fairly drawn, repaſt
The thriving infant with their milky flood;
But, being overſtrain'd, return at laſt
Unwholſom gulps compos'd of wind and blood.
A mod'rate uſe doth both repaſt and pleaſe;
Who ſtrains beyond a mean, draws in and gulps diſeaſe.

3.

But, O that mean, whoſe good the leaſt abuſe
Makes bad, is too, too hard to be directed:
Can thorns bring grapes, or crabs a pleaſing juice?
There's nothing wholſom, where the whole's infected.
Unſeize thy lips: earth's milk's a ripen'd core,
That drops from her diſeaſe, that matters from her ſore.

4.

Think'ſt thou that paunch, that burſts out thy coat,
Is thriving fat; or fleſh, that ſeems ſo brawny?
Thy paunch is dropſy'd, and thy cheeks are bloat;
Thy lips are white, and thy complexion tawny;

Thy

B. I. *Emb.* 12.

Inopem me copia fecit.

What are the Riches which the World can grant!
Plenty like this, alas! has made me want.

UNIV. OF

Thy ſkin's a bladder blown with watry tumors;
Thy fleſh a trembling bog, a quagmire full of humors.

5.

And thou, whoſe thriveleſs hands are ever ſtraining
Earth's fluent breaſts into an empty ſieve,
That always haſt, yet always art complaining,
And whin'ſt for more than earth hath pow'r to give;
Whoſe treaſure flows and flees away as faſt;
That ever haſt, and haſt, yet haſt not what thou haſt.

6.

Go chuſe a ſubſtance, fool, that will remain
Within the limits of thy leaking meaſure;
Or elſe go ſeek an urn that will retain
The liquid body of thy ſlipp'ry treaſure:
Alas! how poorly are thy labours crown'd!
Thy liquor's never ſweet, nor yet thy veſſel ſound.

7.

What leſs than fool is man to prog and plot,
And laviſh out the cream of all his care,
To gain poor ſeeming goods, which, being got,
Make firm poſſeſſion but a thoroughfare;
Or, if they ſtay, they furrow thoughts the deeper;
And, being kept with care, they loſe their careful [keeper!

S. GREG.

S. GREG. Hom. iii. ſecund. Parte Ezech.

If we give more to the fleſh than we ought, we nouriſh an enemy; if we give not to her neceſſity what we ought, we deſtroy a citizen: the fleſh is to be ſatisfied ſo far as ſuffices to our good; whoſoever alloweth ſo much to her as to make her proud, knoweth not how to be ſatisfied: to be ſatisfied, is a great art; leſt, by the ſatiety of the fleſh, we break forth into the iniquity of her folly.

HUGO de Anima.

The heart is a ſmall thing, but deſireth great matters. It is not ſufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not ſuffxient for it.

EPIG. 12.

What makes thee, fool, ſo fat? Fool, thee ſo bare?
Ye ſuck the ſelf-ſame milk, the ſelf-ſame air:
No mean betwixt all paunch, and ſkin and bone?
The mean's a virtue, and the world has none.

Da mihi Frœna Timor; da mihi Calcar Amor.

Bridle my worldly Zeal. — For Things above,
Grant me the Spur of Hearts, Celestial Love.

UNIV. OF MICH.

XIII.

John iii. 19.

Men love darkneſs rather than light, becauſe their deeds are evil.

LORD, when we leave the world, and come to thee,
How dull, how ſlug are we!
How backward! how prepoſt'rous is the motion
Of our ungain devotion!
Our thoughts are millſtones, and our ſouls are lead,
And our deſires are dead:
Our vows are fairly promis'd, faintly paid;
Or broken, or not made:
Our better work (if any good) attends
Upon our private ends:
In whoſe performance one poor worldly ſcoff
Foils us, or beats us off.
If thy ſharp ſcourge find out ſome ſecret fault,
We grumble or revolt;
And if thy gentle hand forbear, we ſtray,
Or idly loſe the way.
Is the road fair? we loiter; clogg'd with mire:
We ſtick, or elſe retire:
A lamb appears a lion; and we fear,
Each buſh we ſee's a bear.
When our dull ſouls direct our thoughts to thee,
As ſlow as ſnails are we:
But at the earth we dart our wing'd deſire,
We burn, we burn like fire.
Like as the am'rous needle joys to bend
To her magnetic friend:

Or

Or as the greedy lover's eye-balls fly
At his fair miſtreſs' eye:
So, ſo we cling to earth; we fly and puff,
Yet fly not faſt enough.
If pleaſure beckon with her balmy hand,
Her beck's a ſtrong command:
If honour calls us with a courtly breath,
An hour's delay is death:
If profit's golden-finger'd charm enveigles,
We clip more ſwift than eagles:
Let Auſter weep, or bluſtr'ing Boreas roar,
Till eyes or lungs be ſore:
Let Neptune ſwell, until his dropſy ſides
Burſt into broken tides:
Nor threat'ning rocks, nor winds, nor waves, nor fire,
Can curb our fierce deſire;
Nor fire, nor rocks, can ſtop our furious minds,
Nor waves, nor winds:
How faſt and fearleſs do our footſteps flee!
The light-foot roebuck's not ſo ſwift as we.

S. AU-

S. AUGUST. ſup. Pſal. lxiv.

Two ſeveral lovers built two ſeveral cities: the love of God buildeth at Jeruſalem; *the love of the world buildeth a* Babylon: *let every one inquire of himſelf, what he loveth; and he ſhall reſolve himſelf, of whence he is a citizen.*

S. AUGUST. lib. iii. Confeſſ.

All things are driven by their own weight, and tend to their own centre: my weight is love; by that I am driven whitherſoever I am driven.

Ibidem.

Lord, he loveth thee leſs, that loveth any thing with thee, which he loveth not for thee.

EPIG. 13.

Lord, ſcourge my aſs, if ſhe ſhould make no haſte;
And curb my ſtag, if he ſhould fly too faſt:
If he be over-ſwift, or ſhe prove idle,
Let Love lend him a ſpur; Fear, her a bridle.

XIV.

PSALM xiii. 3.

Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, leſt I ſleep the ſleep of death.

WIll't ne'er be morning? Will that promis'd light
Ne'er break, and clear thoſe clouds of night?
Sweet Phoſphor, bring the day,
Whoſe conqu'ring ray
May chaſe theſe fogs; ſweet Phoſphor, bring the day.

How long! how long ſhall theſe benighted eyes
Languiſh in ſhades, like feeble flies
Expecting ſpring? How long ſhall darkneſs ſoil
The face of earth, and thus beguile
Our ſouls of ſprightful action? When, when will day
Begin to dawn, whoſe new-born ray
May gild the weathercocks of our devotion,
And give our unſoul'd ſouls new motion?
Sweet Phoſphor, bring the day;
Thy light will fray
Theſe horrid miſts; ſweet Phoſphor, bring the day.

Let thoſe have night, that ſlily love t'immure
Their cloiſter'd crimes, and ſin ſecure;
Let thoſe have night, that bluſh to let men know
The baſeneſs they ne'er bluſh to do;
Let thoſe have night, that love to have a nap,
And loll in ignorance's lap;
Let thoſe, whoſe eyes, like owls, abhor the light,
Let thoſe have night, that love the night:

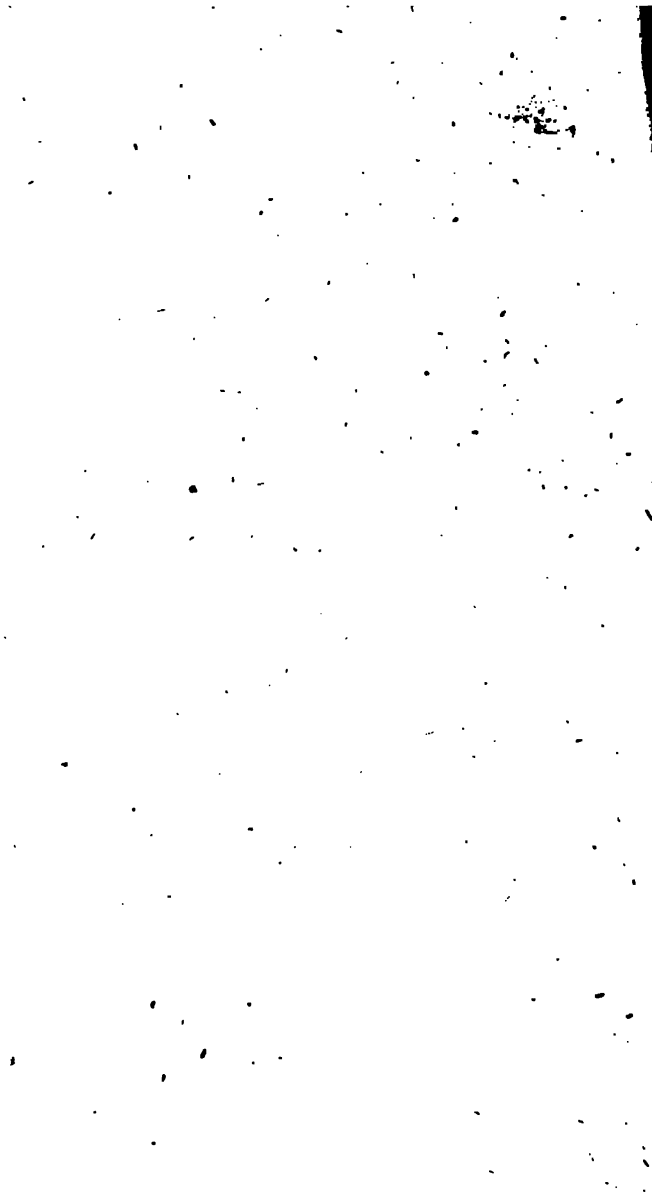
Sweet

B. I. *Emb. 14.*

Phofphere redde Diem.

O chace the gloomy Shades of Night away,
Sweet Phosphor, to our Sphere return the Day.

UNIV. OF MICH.



Sweet Phoſphor, bring the day;
How ſad delay
Afflicts dull-hopes! Sweet Phoſphor, bring the day.

Alas! my light-in-vain-expecting eyes
Can find no objects, but what riſe
From this poor mortal blaze, a dying ſpark
Of Vulcan's forge, whoſe flames are dark,
A dang'rous, dull blue-burning light,
As melancholy as the night:
Here's all the ſuns that gliſter in the ſphere
Of earth: Ah me! what comfort's here?
Sweet Phoſphor, bring the day;
Haſte, haſte away,
Heav'n's loit'ring lamp; ſweet Phoſphor, bring the day.

Blow, Ignorance: O thou, whoſe idle knee
Rocks earth into a lethargy,
And with thy ſooty fingers haſt bedight *
The world's fair cheek, blow, blow thy ſpite;
Since thou haſt puft our greater taper; do
Puff on, and out the leſſer too:
If e'er that breath-exiled flame return,
Thou haſt not blown, as it will burn:
Sweet Phoſphor, bring the day:
Light will repay
The wrongs of night; ſweet Phoſphor, bring the day.

* *Bedight*, i. e. beſmear'd.

S. AUG. in Joh. Ser. xix.

God is all to thee; if thou be hungry, he is bread; if thirſty, he is water; if darkneſs, he is light; if naked, he is a robe of immortality.

ALANUS de Conq. Nat.

God is a light that is never darkened; an unwearied life that cannot die; a fountain always flowing; a garden of life; a ſeminary of wiſdom; a radical beginning of all goodneſs.

EPIG. 14.

My ſoul, if ignorance puff out this light,
She'll do a favour that intends a ſpite:
'T ſeems dark abroad; but, take this light away,
Thy windows will diſcover *break o' day.*

B. L. Emb. 15.

Debilitata Fides; Terras Aſtræa reliquit.

Faith now is weakened: of Celestial Birth
Divine Astræa, quits the groaning Earth.

NIV. DE CH.

XV.

Rev. xii. 12.

The devil is come unto you, having great power, becauſe he knoweth that he hath but a ſhort time.

P.

LORD, canſt thou ſee and ſuffer? Is thy hand
Still bound to th' peace? Shall earth's black mon-
A full poſſeſſion of thy waſted land? [arch take
O, will thy ſlumb'ring vengeance never wake,
Till full-age'd law-reſiſting cuſtom ſhake
The pillars of thy right by falſe command? [down,
Unlock thy clouds, great Thund'rer, and come
Behold whoſe temples wear thy ſacred crown;
Redreſs, redreſs our wrongs; revenge, revenge thy
[own.

2.

See how the bold uſurper mounts the ſeat
Of royal majeſty; how overſtrawing
Perils with pleaſure, pointing ev'ry threat
With bug-bear death, by torments overawing
Thy frighted ſubjects; or by favours drawing
Their tempted hearts to his unjuſt retreat;
Lord, canſt thou be ſo mild, and he ſo bold?
Or can thy flocks be thriving, when the fold
Is govern'd by the fox? Lord, canſt thou ſee, and
[hold?

3.

That ſwift-wing'd advocate, that did commence
Our welcome ſuits before the King of kings,

That ſweet embaſſador, that hurries hence
What airs th' harmonious ſoul or ſighs or ſins,
See how ſhe flutters with her idle wings;
Her wings are clipt, and eyes put out by ſenſe;
Senſe-conqu'ring faith is now grown blind and cold,
And baſely craven'd *, that in times of old
Did conquer heav'n itſelf, do what th' Almighty could.

4.

Behold, how double fraud does ſcourge and tear
Aſtræa's wounded ſides, plough'd up, and rent
With knotted cords, whoſe fury has no ear;
See how ſhe ſtands a priſ'ner to be ſent
A ſlave into eternal baniſhment,
I know not whither; O, I know not where:
Her patent muſt be cancel'd in diſgrace;
And ſweet-lip'd fraud, with her divided face,
Muſt act Aſtræa's part, muſt take Aſtræa's place.

5.

Faith's pinion's clipt, and fair Aſtræa gone!
Quick-ſeeing Faith now blind, and Juſtice ſee:
Has Juſtice now found wings? And has Faith none?
What do we here? Who would not wiſh to be
Diſſolv'd from earth, and with Aſtræa flee
From this blind dungeon to that ſun-bright throne?
Lord, is thy ſceptre loſt, or laid aſide?
Is hell broke looſe, and all her fiends unty'd?
Lord, riſe, and rouſe, and rule, and cruſh their furious pride.

* *Craven'd*, i. e. diſheartened, made to knock under, &c.

PETER

PETER RAV. in Matth.

The devil is the author of evil, the fountain of wickedneſs, the adverſary of truth, the corrupter of the world, man's perpetual enemy; he planteth ſnares, diggeth ditches, ſpurreth bodies, he goadeth ſouls, he ſuggeſteth thoughts, kindleth anger, expoſeth virtues to hatred, maketh vices beloved, ſoweth errors, nouriſheth contention, diſturbeth peace, and ſcattereth affection.

MACAR.

Let us ſuffer with thoſe that ſuffer, and be crucified with thoſe that are crucified, that we may be glorified with thoſe that are glorified.

SAVANAR.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

EPIG. 15.

My ſoul, ſit thou a patient looker on;
Judge not the play, before the play is done:
Her plot has many changes: every day
Speaks a new ſcene; the laſt act crowns the play.

THE

THE SECOND BOOK.

I.

ISAIAH l. 11.

You that walk in the light of your own fire, and in the ſparks that ye have kindled, ye ſhall lie down in ſorrow.

1.

DO, ſilly Cupid, ſnuff and trim
Thy falſe, thy feeble light,
And make her ſelf-conſuming flames more bright;
Methinks ſhe burns too dim.
Is this that ſprightly fire,
Whoſe more than ſacred beams inſpire
The raviſh'd hearts of men, and ſo inflame deſire?

2.

See, boy, how thy unthrifty blaze
Conſumes, how faſt ſhe wanes;
She ſpends herſelf, and her, whoſe wealth maintains
Her weak, her idle rays.
Cannot thy luſtful blaſt,
Which gave it ſuſtre, make it laſt? [ſo faſt?
What heart can long be pleas'd, where pleaſure ſpends

3.

Go, wanton, place thy pale-face'd light
Where never-breaking day
Intends to viſit mortals, or diſplay
Thy ſullen ſhades of night:
Thy torch will burn more clear
In night's un-Titan'd hemiſphere; [appear.
Heav'n's ſcornful flames and thine can never co-

in

B. II. *Emb. 1.*

Sic Lumine Lumen ademptum.

So shines the Sun in native Splendour bright,
Thy feeble Ray eclipsing with his Light.

UNIV. OF MICH.

4.

In vain thy buſy hands addreſs
Their labour to diſplay
Thy eaſy blaze within the verge of day;
The greater drowns the leſs!
If heav'n's bright glory ſhine,
Thy glimm'ring ſparks muſt needs reſign;
Puff out heav'n's glory, then, or heav'n will work out
[thine.

5.

Go, Cupid's rammiſh pander, go,
Whoſe dull, whoſe low deſire
Can find ſufficient warmth from nature's fire;
Spend borrow'd breath, and blow,
Blow wind made ſtrong with ſpite:
When thou haſt puff'd the greater light,
Thy leſſer ſpark may ſhine, and warm the new-made
[night.

6.

Deluded mortals, tell me, when
Your daring breath has blown
Heav'n's taper out, and you have ſpent your own,
What fire ſhall warm you then?
Ah, fools! perpetual night
Shall haunt your ſouls with Stygian fright,
Where they ſhall boil in flames, but flames ſhall bring
[no light.

S. AU-

S. AUGUST.

The ſufficiency of my merit, is, to know that my merit is not ſufficient.

S. GREG. Mor. xxv.

By how much the leſs man ſeeth himſelf, by ſo much the leſs he diſpleaſeth himſelf; and by how much the more he ſeeth the light of grace, by ſo much the more he diſdaineth the light of nature.

S. GREG. Mor.

The light of the underſtanding, humility kindleth, and pride covereth.

EPIG. 1.

Thou blow'ſt heav'n's fire, the whilſt thou go'ſt about,
Rebellious fool, in vain, to blow it out:
Thy folly adds confuſion to thy death;
Heav'n's fire confounds, when fann'd with folly's [breath.

B. II. *Eml. 2.*

Donec totum expleat Orbem.

Nor cease his Cares, till this low Worlds vast round,
Within his vain, the eager Grasp be found.

II.

Eccles. iv. 8.

There is no end of all his labour, neither is his eye ſatisfied with riches.

O HOW our widen'd arms can overſtretch
Their own dimenſions! How our hands can reach
Beyond their diſtance! How our yielding breaſt
Can ſhrink to be more full, and full poſſeſt
Of this inferior orb! How earth refine'd
Can cling to ſordid earth! How kind to kind!
We gape, we graſp, we gripe, add ſtore to ſtore;
Enough requires too much; too much craves more.
We charge our ſouls ſo ſore beyond their ſtint,
That we recoil or burſt: the buſy mint
Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,
And coining new deſires; deſires not knowing
Where next to pitch; but, like the boundleſs ocean,
Gain, and gain ground, and grow more ſtrong by mo-
The pale-face'd lady of the black-ey'd light [tion.
Firſt tips her horned brows with eaſy light,
Whoſe curious train of ſpangled nymphs attire
Her next night's glory with increaſing fire;
Each ev'ning adds more luſtre, and adorns
The growing beauty of her graſping horns:
She ſucks and draws her brother's golden ſtore,
Until her glutted orb can ſuck no more.
Ev'n ſo the vulture of inſatiate minds
Still wants, and wanting ſeeks, and ſeeking finds,
New fuel to increaſe her rav'nous fire.
The grave is ſooner cloy'd than men's deſire:
We croſs the ſeas, and 'midſt her waves we burn,
Tranſporting lives, perchance, that ne'er return;

We ſack, we ranſack to the utmoſt ſands
Of native kingdoms, and of foreign lands;
We travel ſea and ſoil, we pry, we prowl,
We progreſs, and we prog from pole to pole;
We ſpend our mid-day ſweat, our mid-night oil,
We tire the night in thought, the day in toil:
We make art ſervile, and the trade gentile
(Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile),
To compaſs earth, and, with her empty ſtore,
To fill our arms, and graſp one handfull more;
Thus ſeeking reſt, our labours never ceaſe,
But, as our years, our hot deſires increaſe;
Thus we, poor little worlds! with blood and ſweat,
In vain attempt to comprehend the great:
Thus, in our gain, become we gainful loſers;
And what's incloſed, incloſes the incloſers.
Now, reader, cloſe thy book, and then adviſe;
Be wiſely worldly, be not worldly wiſe;
Set not thy nobler thoughts be always raking
The world's baſe dunghill; vermin's took by taking.
Take heed thou truſt not the deceitful lap
Of wanton Delilah; the world's a trap,

HUGO

HUGO de Anima.

Tell me, where be thoſe now, that ſo lately loved and hugged the world? Nothing remaineth of them but duſt and worms: obſerve what thoſe men are; what thoſe men were: they were like thee; they did eat, drink, laugh, and led merry days; and in a moment ſlipt into hell. Here, their fleſh is food for worms; there, their ſouls are fuel for fire, till they ſhall be rejoined in an unhappy fellowſhip, and caſt into eternal torments; where they that were once companions in ſin, ſhall be hereafter partners in puniſhment.

EPIG. 2.

Gripe, Cupid, and gripe ſtill, until that wind,
That's pent before, find ſecret vent behind:
And when th'aſt done, hark here, I tell thee what,
Before I'll truſt thy armfull, I'll truſt that.

III.

Job xviii. 8.

He is caſt into a net by his own feet, and walketh upon a ſnare.

1.

WHat! nets and quiver too? what need there all
These ſly devices to betray poor men?
Die they not faſt enough, when thouſands fall
Before thy dart? what need theſe engines, then?
Attend they not, and anſwer to thy call,
Like nightly coveys, where thou liſt and when?
What needs a ſtratagem, where ſtrength can ſway?
Or what needs ſtrength compel, where none gain-[ſay?
Or what needs ſtratagem or ſtrength, where hearts [obey?

2.

Huſband thy ſleights: it is but vain to waſte
Honey on thoſe that will be catch'd with gall;
Thou canſt not, ah! thou canſt not bid ſo faſt
As men obey: thou art more ſlow to call
Than they to come; thou canſt not make ſuch haſte
To ſtrike, as they, being ſtruck, make haſte to fall.
Go ſave thy nets for that rebellious heart
That ſcorns thy pow'r, and has obtain'd the art
T'avoid thy flying ſhaft, to quench thy firy dart.

3.

Loſt mortal! how is thy deſtruction ſure,
Between two bawds, and both without remorſe!

The

B. II. *Emb.* 3.

Non amat Ille ; sed hamat Amor.

His pure Affection this will fail to prove ;
But he's entangled in the Snares of Love.

The one's a line, the other is a lure;
This, to intice thy ſoul; that, to enforce:
Way-laid by both, how canſt thou ſtand ſecure?
That draws; this wooes thee to th'eternal curſe.
O charming tyrant! how haſt thou befool'd
And 'ſlav'd poor man, that would not, if he could,
Avoid thy line, thy lure; nay, could not, if he would!

4.

Alas! thy ſweet perfidious voice betrays
His wanton ears with thy Syrenian baits;
Thou wrapp'ſt his eyes in miſts, then boldly lays
Thy Lethal gins before their cryſtal gates;
Thou lock'ſt up ev'ry ſenſe with thy falſe keys,
All willing pris'ners to thy cloſe deceits:
His ear moſt nimble, where it deaf ſhould be;
His eye moſt blind, where moſt it ought to ſee;
And when his heart's moſt bound, then thinks himſelf
[moſt free.

5.

Thou grand impoſter! how haſt thou obtain'd
The wardſhip of the world! Are all men turn'd
Ideots and lunatics? Are all retain'd
Beneath thy ſervile bands? Is none return'd
To his forgotten ſelf? Has none regained
His ſenſes? Are their ſenſes all adjourn'd?
What, none diſmiſs'd thy court? Will no plump
Bribe thy falſe fiſts to make a glad decree, [fee
T'unfool whom thou haſt fool'd, and ſet thy pris'ners
[free?

S. BERN. in Ser.

In this world is much treachery, little truth; here, all things are traps; here, every thing is beſet with ſnares; here, ſouls are endangered, bodies are afflicted; here, all things are vanity and vexation of ſpirit.

EPIG. 3.

Nay, Cupid, pitch thy trammel where thou pleaſe
Thou canſt not fail to take ſuch fiſh as theſe;
Thy thriving ſport will ne'er be ſpent: no need
To fear, when ev'ry cork's a world, thou'lt ſpeed.

B. II. *Emb. 4.*

Quam grave Servitium est quod levis Esca parit.

Great must the Slav'ry be, where to your share
Such slight Refreshment falls, to ease your Care.

IV.

Hosea xiii. 3.

They ſhall be as the chaff that is driven with a whirlwind out of the floor, and as the ſmoke out of the chimney.

FLint-hearted Stoics, you, whoſe marble eyes
Contemn a wrink'e, and whoſe ſouls deſpiſe
To follow nature's too affected faſhion,
Or travel in the regent walk of paſſion;
Whoſe rigid hearts diſdain to ſhrink at fears,
Or play at faſt and looſe, with ſmiles and tears;
Come, burſt your ſpleens with laughter to behold
A new-found vanity, which days of old
Ne'er knew: a vanity, that has beſet
The world, and made more ſlaves than Mahomet:
That has condemn'd us to the ſervile yoke
Of ſlavery, and made us ſlaves to ſmoke.
But ſtay, why tax I thus our modern times,
For new-born follies, and for new-born crimes?
Are we ſole guilty, and the firſt age free?
No, they were ſmok'd and ſlav'd as well as we: [ſure,
What's ſweet-lipt honor's blaſt but ſmoke? What's trea-
But very ſmoke? And what more ſmoke than pleaſure?
Alas! they're all but ſhadows, fumes, and blaſts;
That vaniſhes, this fades, the other waſtes.
The reſtleſs merchant, he that loves to ſteep
His brains in wealth, and lays his ſoul to ſleep
In bags of bullion, ſees th' immortal crown,
And fain would mount, but ingots keep him down:
He brags to-day, perchance, and begs to-morrow:
He lent but now, wants credit now to borrow;

V.

PROV. xxiii. 25.

Wilt thou ſet thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches make themſelves wings, they flie away as an eagle.

1.

FALSE world, thou ly'ſt: thou canſt not lend
The leaſt delight:
Thy favours cannot gain a friend,
They are ſo ſlight:
Thy morning pleaſures make an end
To pleaſe at night:
Poor are the wants that thou ſupply'ſt:
And yet thou vaunt'ſt, and yet thou vy'ſt
With heav'n; fond earth, thou boaſt'ſt; falſe world, thou ly'ſt.

2.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endleſs treaſure;
Thy bounty offers eaſy ſales
Of laſting pleaſure;
Thou aſk'ſt the conſcience what ſhe ails,
And ſwear'ſt to eaſe her:
There's none can want where thou ſupply'ſt:
There's none can give where thou deny'ſt.
Alas! fond world, thou boaſt'ſt; falſe world, thou ly'ſt.

3.

What well-adviſed ear regards
What earth can ſay?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay:

Thy

B. II. *Emb.* 5.

Non Omne quod hic micat Aurum est.

What Treasures here do Mammon's Sons behold?
Yet know, that all which glitters is not Gold.

Thy cunning can but pack the cards,
Thou canſt not play:
Thy game at weakeſt, ſtill thou vy'ſt *;
If ſeen, and then revy'd, deny'ſt; [ly'ſt.
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt; falſe world, thou

4.

Thy tinſel boſom ſeems a mint
Of new-coin'd treaſure;
A paradiſe, that has no ſtint,
No change, no meaſure;
A painted caſk, but nothing in't,
Nor wealth, nor pleaſure:
Vain earth! that falſely thus comply'ſt
With man; vain man, that thou rely'ſt [ly'ſt.
On earth; vain man, thou doat'ſt; vain earth, thou

5.

What mean dull ſouls, in this high meaſure,
To haberdaſh
In earth's baſe wares, whoſe greateſt treaſure
Is droſs and traſh;
The height of whoſe inchanting pleaſure
Is but a flaſh?
Are theſe the goods that thou ſupply'ſt
Us mortals with? Are theſe the high'ſt?
Can theſe bring cordial peace? Falſe world, thou ly'ſt.

* *Vy'ſt*, a word uſed at cards; i. e. to *challenge*.

PET. BLES.

The world is deceitful: her end is doubtful; her concluſion horrible; her judge is terrible; and her puniſhment is intolerable.

S. AUGUST. Lib. Confeſſ.

The vain glory of this world is a deceitful ſweetneſs, a fruitleſs labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous honor: her beginning is without providence, and her end not without repentance.

EPIG. 5.

World, thou'rt a traitor; thou haſt ſtamp'd thy baſe
And chymic metal with great Cæſar's face,
And with thy baſtard bullion thou haſt barter'd
For wares of price; how juſtly drawn and quarter'd!

B. II. *Emb. 6.*

Sic decipit Orbis.

Look not upon this World; for Things appear
In false proportion: All's deceitful here.

VI.

JOB vi. 31.

Let not him that is deceived, truſt in vanity; for vanity ſhall be his recompence.

1.

BElieve her not, her glaſs diffuſes
Falſe portraitures: thou canſt eſpy
No true reflection: ſhe abuſes
Her-miſ-inform'd beholder's eye;
Her cryſtal's falſely ſteel'd; it ſcatters
Deceitful beams; believe her not, ſhe flatters.

2.

This flaring mirror repreſents
No right proportion, view, or feature:
Her very looks are compliments;
They make thee fairer, goodlier, greater:
The ſkilful gloſs of her reflection
But paints the context of thy coarſe complexion.

3.

Were thy dimenſion but a ſtride,
Nay, wert thou ſtature'd but a ſpan,
Such as the long-bill'd troops defy'd,
A very fragment of a man!
She'll make thee Mimas, which you will,
The Jove-ſlain tyrant, or th' Ionic hill.

4.

Had ſurfeits, or th' ungracious ſtar,
Conſpir'd to make one common place
Of all deformities that are
Within the volume of thy face,

She'd lend the favor ſhould outmove
The Troy-bane Helen, or the Queen of Love.

5.

Were thy conſume'd eſtate as poor
As Laz'rus or afflicted Job's:
She'll change thy wants to ſeeming ſtore,
And turn thy rags to purple robes;
She'll make thy hide-bound flank appear
As plump as theirs that feaſt it all the year.

6.

Look off, let not thy optics be
Abus'd: thou ſeeſt not what thou ſhould'ſt:
Thyſelf's the object thou ſhould'ſt ſee,
But 'tis thy ſhadow thou behold'ſt:
And ſhadows thrive the more in ſtature,
The nearer we approach the light of nature.

7.

Where heav'n's bright beams look more direct,
The ſhadow ſhrinks as they grow ſtronger.
But when they glance their fair aſpect,
The bold-face'd ſhade grows larger, longer:
And when their lamp begins to fall,
Th' increaſing ſhadows lengthen moſt of all.

8.

The ſoul that ſeeks the noon of grace,
Shrinks in; but ſwells, if grace retreat.
As Heav'n lifts up, or veils his face,
Our ſelf-eſteems grow leſs or great.
The leaſt is greateſt; and who ſhall
Appear the greateſt, are the leaſt of all.

HUGO

HUGO Lib. de Anima.

In vain he lifteth up the eye of his heart to behold his God, who is not firſt rightly adviſed to behold himſelf: firſt, thou muſt ſee the viſible things of thyſelf, before thou canſt be prepared to know the inviſible things of God; for if thou canſt not apprehend the things within thee, thou canſt not comprehend the things above thee: the beſt looking-glaſs, wherein to ſee thy God, is, perfectly to ſee thyſelf.

EPIG. 6.

Be not deceiv'd, great fool: there is no loſs
In being ſmall; great bulks but ſwell with droſs.
Man is Heav'n's maſter-piece: if it appear
More great, the value's leſs; if leſs, more dear.

VII.

DEUTERONOMY XXX. 19.

I have ſet before thee life and death, bleſſing and curſing; therefore chuſe life, that thou and thy ſeed may live.

1.

THE world's a floor, whoſe ſwelling heaps retain
The mingled wages of the ploughman's toil;
The world's a heap, whoſe yet unwinnow'd grain
Is lodg'd with chaff, and bury'd in her ſoil:
All things are mixt, the uſeful with the vain;
The good with bad, the noble with the vile:
The world's an ark, wherein things pure and groſs
Preſent their loſsful gain, and gainful loſs,
Where ev'ry dram of gold contains a pound of droſs.

2.

This furniſh'd ark preſents the greedy view
With all that earth can give, or Heav'n can add;
Here laſting joys; here pleaſures hourly new,
And hourly fading, may be wiſh'd and had:
All points of honor, counterfeit and true,
Salute thy ſoul, and wealth both good and bad:
Here may'ſt thou open wide the two-leav'd door
Of all thy wiſhes, to receive that ſtore,
Which, being empty moſt, does overflow the more.

3.

Come then, my ſoul, approach this royal burſe,
And ſee what wares our great exchange retains;
Come, come; here's that ſhall make a firm divorce
Betwixt thy wants and thee, if want complains;

No

B. II. *Emb.* 7.

Hic peſsima, Hic optima ſervat.

This takes the Worst, and That the Best secures:
That must be Best which evermore endures.

No need to ſit in council with thy purſe, [pair
Here's nothing good ſhall coſt more price th
But, O my ſoul, take heed; if thou rely
Upon thy faithleſs optics, thou wilt buy
Too blind a bargain: know, fools only trade by th'e

4.

The worldly wiſdom of the fooliſh man
Is like a ſieve, that does alone retain
The groſſer ſubſtance of the worthleſs bran:
But thou, my ſoul, let thy brave thoughts diſd
So coarſe a purchaſe; O be thou a fan
To purge the chaff, and keep the winnow'd grai
Make clean thy thoughts, and dreſs thy mixt
[fires:
Thou art Heav'n's taſker; and thy God requi
The pureſt of thy flour, as well as of thy fires.

5.

Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,
And wiſdom bleſs the ſoul's unblemiſh'd ways;
No matter, then, how ſhort or long's the leaſe,
Whoſe date determines thy ſelf-number'd days
No need to care for wealth's or fame's increaſe,
Nor Mars his palm, nor high Apollo's bays.
Lord, if thy gracious bounty pleaſe to fill
The floor of my deſires, and teach me ſkill
To dreſs and chuſe the corn, take thoſe the chaff t
[w

S. AUGUST. Lib. 1. de Doct. Christi.

Temporal things more ravish in the expectation, than in fruition: but things eternal, more in the fruition than expectation.

Ibidem.

The life of man is the middle between angels and beasts: if man takes pleasure in carnal things, he is compared to beasts; but if he delight in spiritual things, he is suited with angels.

EPIG. 7.

Art thou a child? Thou wilt not then be fed
But like a child, and with the children's bread;
But thou art fed with corn, or chaff undrest;
My soul, thou savour'st too much of the beast.

B. II. *Emb. 8.*

Hæc animant Pueros Cymbala; at illa Viros.

This pleases Children; — That the Man enjoys:
'Tis Wisdom to despise such idle Toys.

UNIV. OF MICH.

VIII.

PHILIPPIANS iii. 19, 20.

They mind earthly things: but our converſation is in heaven.

VENUS. DIVINE CUPID.

Ven. WHat means this peeviſh babe? Whiſh, lullaby:
What ails my babe, what ails my babe to cry?
Will nothing ſtill it? Will it neither be
Pleas'd with the nurſe's breaſt, nor mother's knee?
What ails my bird? What moves my froward boy
To make ſuch whimp'ring faces? Peace, my joy:
Will nothing do? Come, come, this peeviſh brat,
Thus cry and brawl, and cannot tell for what?
Come, buſs and friends, my lamb; whiſh, lullaby,
What ails my babe, what ails my babe to cry?
Peace, peace, my dear; alas! thy early years
Had never faults to merit half theſe tears;
Come, ſmile upon me: let thy mother ſpy
Thy father's image in her baby's eye:
Huſband theſe guilty drops againſt the rage
Of harder fortunes, and the gripes of age;
Thine eye's not ripe for tears: whiſh, lullaby;
What ails my babe, my ſweet-face'd babe to cry?
Look, look, what's here! A dainty, golden thing:
See how the dancing bells turn round and ring,
To pleaſe my bantling! Here's a knack will breed
An hundred kiſſes: here's a knack indeed.

So, now my bird is white, and looks as fair
As Pelop's ſhoulder, or a milk-white pair:
Here's right the father's ſmile; when Mars beguil'd
Sick Venus of her heart, juſt thus he ſmile'd.

Divine Cupid.

Well may they ſmile alike; thy baſe-bred boy
And his baſe ſire had both one cauſe, a toy:
How well their ſubjects and their ſmiles agree!
Thy Cupid finds a toy, and Mars found thee:
Falſe queen of beauty, queen of falſe delights,
Thy knee preſents an emblem, that invites
Man to himſelf, whoſe ſelf-tranſported heart
(O'erwhelm'd with native ſorrows, and the ſmart
Of purchas'd griefs) lies whining night and day,
Not knowing why, till heavy-heel'd delay,
The dull-brow'd pander of deſpair, lays by
His leaden buſkins, and preſents his eye
With antic trifles, which th' indulgent earth
Makes proper objects of man's childiſh mirth.
Theſe be the coin that paſs, the ſweets that pleaſe;
There's nothing good, there's nothing great but theſe:
Theſe be the pipes that baſe-born minds dance after,
And turn immod'rate tears to laviſh laughter;
Whilſt heav'nly raptures paſs without regard;
Their ſtrings are harſh, and their high ſtrains unheard:
The ploughman's whiſtle, or the trivial flute,
Find more reſpect than great Apollo's lute.
We'll look to Heav'n, and truſt to higher joys:
Let ſwine love huſks, and children whine for toys.

S. Beron

S. BERN.

That is the true and chief joy, which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the Creator; which (being once poſſeſt thereof) none can take from thee: whereto all pleaſure being compared is torment, all joy is grief, ſweet things are bitter, all glory is baſeneſs, and all delectable things are deſpicable.

S. BERN.

Joy, in a changeable ſubject, muſt neceſſarily change as the ſubject changeth.

EPIG. 8.

Peace, childiſh Cupid, peace: thy finger'd eye
But cries for what, in time, will make thee cry.
But are thy peeviſh wranglings thus appeas'd?
Well may'ſt thou cry, that art ſo poorly pleas'd.

IX.

Isaiah x. 3.

What will ye do in the day of your viſitation? to whom will ye flie for help? and where will ye leave your glory?

1.

IS this that jolly God, whoſe Cyprian bow
Has ſhot ſo many flaming darts,
And made ſo many wounded beauties go
Sadly perplex'd with whimp'ring hearts?
Is this that ſov'reign deity, that brings
The ſlaviſh world in awe, and ſtings
The blund'ring ſouls of ſwains, and ſtops the hearts [of kings?

2.

What Circæan charm, what Hecatæan ſpite
Has thus abus'd the god of love?
Great Jove was vanquiſh'd by his greater might;
(And who is ſtronger-arm'd than Jove?)
Or has our luſtful god perform'd a rape,
And (fearing Argus' eyes) would 'ſcape
The view of jealous earth, in this prodigious ſhape?

3.

Where be thoſe roſy cheeks, that lately ſcorn'd
The malice of injurious fates?
Ah! where's that pearl port-cullis * that adorn'd
Thoſe dainty two-leav'd ruby gates?
Where be thoſe killing eyes that ſo controll'd
The world, and locks that did infold [gold?
Like knots of flaming wire, like curls of burniſh'd

* *Port-cullis* (a term of fortification), i. e. a grate dropt down, to ſtop a gate-way.

B. II. *Emb.* 9.

Venturum exhorresco Diem.

So has my Time paſs'd unperceiv'd away;
I ſhun the Light, and dread a coming Day.

IX.

ISAIAH x. 3.

What will ye do in the day of your viſitation? to whom will ye flie for help? and where will ye leave your glory?

1.

IS this that jolly God, whoſe Cyprian bow
Has ſhot ſo many flaming darts,
And made ſo many wounded beauties go
Sadly perplex'd with whimp'ring hearts?
Is this that ſov'reign deity, that brings
The ſlaviſh world in awe, and ſtings
The blund'ring ſouls of ſwains, and ſtops the hearts [of kings?

2.

What Circæan charm, what Hecatæan ſpite
Has thus abus'd the god of love?
Great Jove was vanquiſh'd by his greater might;
(And who is ſtronger-arm'd than Jove?)
Or has our luſtful god perform'd a rape,
And (fearing Argus' eyes) would 'ſcape
The view of jealous earth, in this prodigious ſhape?

3.

Where be thoſe roſy cheeks, that lately ſcorn'd
The malice of injurious fates?
Ah! where's that pearl port-cullis * that adorn'd
Thoſe dainty two-leav'd ruby gates?
Where be thoſe killing eyes that ſo controll'd
The world, and locks that did infold [gold?
Like knots of flaming wire, like curls of burniſh'd

* *Port-cullis* (a term of fortification), i. e. a grate dropt down, to ſtop a gate-way.

Venturum exhorresco Diem.

So has my Time past it unperceiv'd away;
I shun the Light, and dread a coming Day.

4.

No, no, 'twas neither Hecatæan ſpite,
Nor charm below, nor pow'r above;
'Twas neither Circe's ſpell, nor Stygian ſprite,
That thus transform'd our god of love;
'Twas owl-ey'd luſt (more potent far than they)
Whoſe eyes and actions hate the day:
Whom all the world obſerve, whom all the world obey.

5.

See, how the latter trumpet's dreadful blaſt
Affrights ſtout Mars his trembling ſon!
See, how he ſtartles! how he ſtands aghaſt,
And ſcrambles from his melting throne!
Hark, how the direful hand of vengeance tears
The ſwelt'ring clouds, whilſt heav'n appears
A circle fill'd with flame, and centre'd with his fears!

6.

This is that day, whoſe oft report hath worn
Neglected tongues of prophets bare;
The faithleſs ſubject of the worldlings ſcorn,
The ſum of men and angels pray'r:
This, this the day, whoſe all-diſcerning light
Ranſacks the ſecret dens of night
And ſevers good from bad; true joys from falſe delight.

7.

You grov'ling worldlings, you, whoſe wiſdom trades
Where light ne'er ſhot his golden ray,
That hide your actions in Cimmerian ſhades,
How will your eyes endure this day?
Hills will be dead, and mountains will not hear;
There be no caves, no corners there
To ſhade your ſouls from fire, to ſhield your hearts from fear.

HUGO.

HUGO.

O the extreme loathſomeneſs of fleſhly luſt, which not only effeminates the mind, but enerves the body; which not only diſtaineth the ſoul, but diſguiſeth the perſon! It is uſhered with fury and wantonneſs: it is accompanied with filthineſs and uncleanneſs; and it is followed with grief and repentance.

EPIG. 9.

What! ſweet-face'd Cupid, have thy baſtard treaſure,
Thy boaſted honors, and thy bold-face'd pleaſure,
Perplex'd thee now? I told thee long ago,
To what they'd bring thee, fool: *to wit, to woe.*

B.II. *Emb.* 10.

Tinnit: inane est.

Can Nothing then in this fair Orb be found?
Strike it and prove:— 'tis empty, by its Sound.

UNIV. OF MICH.

X.

NAHUM ii. 10.

She is empty, and void, and waſte.

1.

SHE's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds, there's nothing there
But noiſe to fill thy ear;
Thy vain inquiry can at length but find
A blaſt of murm'ring wind:
It is a caſk, that ſeems as full as fair,
But merely tunn'd with air:
Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds:
The ſoul that vainly founds
Her joys upon this world, but feeds on empty ſounds.

2.

She's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds: there's nothing in't,
The ſpark-engend'ring flint
Shall ſooner melt, and hardeſt raunce * ſhall firſt
Diſſolve, and quench thy thirſt;
Ere this falſe world ſhall ſtill thy ſtormy breaſt
With ſmooth-face'd calms of reſt.
Thou may'ſt as well expect meridian light
From ſhades of black-mouth'd night,
As in this empty world to find a full delight.

* *Raunce*; i. e. a dry, mouldy *crust* of bread.

She's

3.

She's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds; 'tis void and vaſt;
What if ſome flatt'ring blaſt
Of flatuous honor ſhould perchance be there,
And whiſper in thine ear?
It is but wind, and blows but where it liſt,
And vaniſheth like miſt.
Poor honor earth can give! What gen'rous mind
Would be ſo baſe, to bind
Her heav'n-bred ſoul a ſlave to ſerve a blaſt of wind?

4.

She's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds: 'tis but a ball
For fools to play withal:
The painted film but of a ſtronger bubble,
That's line'd with ſilken trouble:
It is a world, whoſe work and recreation
Is vanity and vexation;
A hag, repair'd with vice-complexion'd paint,
A queſt houſe of complaint:
It is a ſaint, a fiend; worſe fiend, when moſt a ſaint.

5.

She's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds: 'tis vain and void,
What's here to be enjoy'd
But grief and ſickneſs, and large bills of ſorrow,
Drawn now, and croſs'd to-morrow?
Or what are men, but puffs of dying breath,
Reviv'd with living death?
Fond lad, O build thy hopes on ſurer grounds
Than what dull fleſh propounds:
Truſt not this hollow world; ſhe's empty: hark, ſhe
[ſounds.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heb.

Contemn riches, and thou ſhalt be rich; contemn glory, and thou ſhalt be glorious; contemn injuries, and thou ſhalt be a conqueror; contemn reſt, and thou ſhalt gain reſt; contemn earth, and thou ſhalt find heaven.

HUGO Lib. de Vanit. Mundi.

The world is a vanity, which affordeth neither beauty to the amorous, nor reward to the laborious, nor encouragement to the induſtrious.

EPIG. 10.

This houſe is to be lett for life or years;
Her rent is ſorrow, and her income tears:
Cupid, 't has long ſtood void; her bills make known,
She muſt be dearly lett; or let alone.

XI.

MATTH. vii. 14.

Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

PRepoſt'rous fool, thou ſtroul'ſt * amiſs;
Thou err'ſt; that's not the way, 'tis this.
Thy hopes, inſtructed by thine eye,
Make thee appear more near than I;
My floor is not ſo flat, ſo fine,
And has more obvious rubs than thine:
'Tis true, my way is hard and ſtrait,
And leads me through a thorny gate,
Whoſe rankling pricks are ſharp and fell;
The common way to heav'n's by hell.
'Tis true, thy path is ſhort and fair,
And free from rubs: Ah! fool, beware,
The ſafeſt road's not always ev'n;
The way to hell's a ſeeming heav'n.
Think'ſt thou the crown of glory's had
With idle eaſe, fond Cyprian lad?
Think'ſt thou that mirth, and vain delights,
High feed, and ſhadow-ſhort'ning nights,
Soft knees, full bags and beds of down,
Are proper prologues to a crown?
Or canſt thou hope to come and view,
Like proſp'rous Cæſar, and ſubdue?
The bond-ſlave uſurer will trudge;
In ſpite of gouts, will turn a drudge,
And ſerve his ſoul-condemning purſe,
T' increaſe it with the widow's curſe:

* *Troul*, i. e. roll a ball.

And

B. II. *Emb.* 11.

Erras: hâc itur ad illam.

No, tis not thus; thy Ball like thee will stray;
Attend in time, and learn the better Way.

UNIV. OF

And ſhall the crown of glory ſtand
Not worth the waving of an hand?
The fleſhly wanton, to obtain
His minute-luſt, will count it gain
To loſe his freedom, his eſtate,
Upon ſo dear, ſo ſweet a rate:
Shall pleaſures thus be priz'd, and muſt
Heav'n's palm be cheaper than a luſt?
The true-bred ſpark, to hoiſe his name
Upon the waxen wings of fame,
Will fight undaunted in a flood
That's rais'd with brackiſh drops and blood:
And ſhall the promis'd crown of life
Be thought a toy, not worth a ſtrife?
An eaſy good brings eaſy gains;
But things of price are bought with pains.
The pleaſing way is not the right:
He that would conquer heav'n, muſt fight.

S. HIERON. in Ep.

No labor is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at.

S. GREG. Lib. viii. Mor.

The valour of a juſt man is, to conquer the fleſh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of the preſent life, to love and endure the miſeries of this world for the reward of a better, to contemn the flatteries of proſperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adverſity.

EPIG. II.

O Cupid, if thy ſmoother way were right,
I ſhould miſtruſt this crown were counterfeit.
The way's not eaſy, where the prize is great:
I hope no virtues, where I ſmell no ſweat.

B. II. *Emb.* 12.

In Cruce fiat fecurus Amor.

'Tis thus alone, Security we prove ;
While on the bleſsed Croſs we reſt our Love.

XII.

Galat. vi. 14.

God forbid that I ſhould glory, ſave in the croſs.

1.

CAN nothing ſettle my uncertain breaſt;
And fix my rambling love?
Can my affections find out nothing beſt,
But ſtill and ſtill remove?
Has earth no mercy? Will no ark of reſt
Receive my reſtleſs dove?
Is there no good, than which there's nothing high'r,
To bleſs my full deſire
With joys that never change; with joys that ne'er
[expire?

2.

I wanted wealth; and, at my dear requeſt,
Earth lent a quick ſupply;
I wanted mirth, to charm my ſullen breaſt;
And who more briſk than I?
I wanted fame, to glorify the reſt;
My fame flew eagle-high:
My joy not fully ripe, but all decay'd,
Wealth vaniſh'd like a ſhade;
My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

3.

The world's an ocean, hurry'd to and fro
With ev'ry blaſt of paſſion:
Her luſtfull ſtreams, when either ebb or flow,
Are tides of man's vexation:

They alter daily, and they daily grow
The worſe by alteration:
The earth's a caſk full-tunn'd, yet wanting meaſure;
Her precious wine is pleaſure;
Her yeſt * is honor's puff; her lees † are worldly trea-
[ſure.

4.

My truſt is in the croſs: let beauty flag
Her looſe, her wanton ſail;
Let count'nance-gilding honor ceaſe to brag
In courtly terms, and vail;
Let ditch-bred wealth henceforth forget to wag
Her baſe, though golden, tail;
Falſe beauty's conqueſt is but real loſs,
And wealth but golden droſs;
Beſt honor's but a blaſt: my truſt is in the croſs.

5.

My truſt is in the croſs; there lies my reſt:
My faſt, my ſole delight:
Let cold-mouth'd Boreas, or the hot-mouth'd Eaſt,
Blow till they burſt with ſpite;
Let earth and hell conſpire their worſt, their beſt,
And join their twiſted might;
Let ſhow'rs of thunderbolts dart round and wound me,
And troops of fiends ſurround me,
All this may well confront; all this ſhall ne'er con-
[found me.

* *Yeſt*, or *yeaſt*; i. e. barm, uſed for fermentation of liquors.

† *Lees*, the ſettlement, or dregs at bottom.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST.

Chriſt's croſs is the chriſt-croſs of all our happineſs; it delivers us from all blindneſs of error, and enriches our darkneſs with light; it reſtoreth the troubled ſoul to reſt; it bringeth ſtrangers to God's acquaintance; it maketh remote foreigners near neighbours; it cutteth off diſcord; concludeth a league of everlaſting peace; and is the bounteous author of all good.

S. BERN. in Ser. de Reſur.

We find glory in the croſs; to us that are ſaved, it is the power of God, and the fulneſs of all virtues.

EPIG. 12.

I follow'd reſt; reſt fled, and ſoon forſook me:
I ran from grief; grief ran, and overtook me.
What ſhall I do? Leſt I be too much toſt
On worldly croſſes, Lord, let me be croſt.

XIII.

PROV. xxvi. 11.

As a dog returneth to his vomit, ſo a fool returneth to his folly.

O I am wounded! and my wounds do ſmart
Beyond my patience, or great Chiron's art;
I yield, I yield the day, the palm is thine; [mine.
Thy bow's more true, thy ſhaft's more fierce, than
Hold, hold, O hold thy conqu'ring hand. What need
To ſend more darts? the firſt has done the deed:
Oft have we ſtruggled, when our equal arms
Shot equal ſhafts, inflicted equal harms;
But this exceeds, and, with her flaming head,
Twy-fork'd with death, has ſtruck my conſcience dead.
But muſt I die? ah me! if that were all,
Then, then I'd ſtroke my bleeding wounds, and call
This dart a cordial, and with joy endure
Theſe harſh ingredients, where my grief's my cure.
But ſomething whiſpers in my dying ear,
There is an After-day; which day I fear.
The ſlender debt to nature's quickly paid,
Diſcharge'd perchance with greater eaſe than made;
But if that pale-face'd ſerjeant make arreſt,
Ten thouſand actions would (whereof the leaſt
Is more than all this lower world can bail)
Be enter'd, and condemn me to the jail
Of Stygian darkneſs, bound in red-hot chains,
And gripe'd with tortures worſe than Titian pains.
Farewel my vain, farewel my looſe delights;
Farewel my rambling days, my rev'ling nights;

'Twas

B. II. *Emb.* 13.

Poſt Vulnera Dæmon.

So when the fatal Wound has pierc'd thy Heart,
Th'insulting Fiend will aggravate the Smart.

UNIV. OF

'Twas you betray'd me firſt; and when ye found
My ſoul at 'vantage, gave my ſoul the wound:
Farewel my bullion * gods, whoſe ſov'reign looks
So often catch'd me with their golden hooks:
Go ſeek another ſlave; ye all muſt go;
I cannot ſerve my God and bullion too.
Farewel falſe honor; you whoſe airy wings
Did mount my ſoul above the thrones of kings;
Then flatter'd me, took pet, and, in diſdain,
Nipt my green buds; then kick'd me down again:
Farewel my bow; farewel my Cyprian quiver;
Farewel dear world, farewel dear world for ever.
O, but this moſt delicious world, how ſweet
Her pleaſures reliſh! Ah! how jump † they meet
The graſping ſoul, and, with their ſprightly fire,
Revive and raiſe, and rouſe the wrapt deſire!
For ever? O, to part ſo long! what, never
Meet more? another year, and then for ever:
Too quick reſolves do reſolution wrong;
What, part ſo ſoon, to be divorce'd ſo long?
Things to be done, are long to be debated;
Heav'n is not day'd. Repentance is not dated.

* *Bullion*; i. e. gold or ſilver in the maſs: put for riches.

† *Jump*; i. e. fit, or tally with.

S. AU-

S. AUGUST. lib. de Util. agen. Pœn.

Go up, my ſoul, into the tribunal of thy conſcience: there ſet thy guilty ſelf before thyſelf: hide not thyſelf behind thyſelf, leſt God bring thee forth before thyſelf.

S. AUGUST. in Soliloq.

In vain is that waſhing, where the next ſin defileth: he hath ill repented, whoſe ſins are repeated: that ſtomach is the worſe for vomiting, that licketh up his vomit.

ANSELM.

God hath promiſed pardon to him that repenteth; but he hath not promiſed repentance to him that ſinneth.

EPIG. 13.

Brain-wounded Cupid, had this haſty dart,
As it has prick'd thy fancy, pierce'd thy heart,
'T had been thy friend: O how hath it deceiv'd thee!
For had this dart but kill'd, this dart had ſav'd thee.

B. II. *Emb. 14*

Poſt lapſum fortiùs aſto.

Ev'n while I fall, I riſe again, to prove
I firmer ſtand when raiſd by heavnly Love.

UNIV. OF MICH.

XIV.

PROV. xxiv. 16.

A juſt man falleth ſeven times, and riſeth again; but the wicked ſhall fall into miſchief.

1.

'TIS but a foil at beſt, and that's the moſt
Your ſkill can boaſt:
My ſlipp'ry footing fail'd me; and you tript,
Juſt as I ſlipt:
My wanton weakneſs did herſelf betray
With too much play:
I was too bold; he never yet ſtood ſure,
That ſtands ſecure:
Who ever truſted to his native ſtrength,
But fell at length?
The title's craz'd *; the tenure is not good,
That claims by th' evidence of fleſh and blood.

2.

Boaſt not thy ſkill; the righteous man falls off,
Yet falls but ſoft:
There may be dirt to mire him, but no ſtones
To cruſh his bones:
What if he ſtaggers? nay, put caſe he be
Foil'd on his knee?
That very knee will bend to heav'n, and woo
For mercy too.
The true-bred gameſter ups afreſh, and then
Falls to't again;
Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,
And yields his conquer'd life, or craven'd † dies.

* *Craz'd*; i. e. weak. † *Craven'd*; i. e. conquer'd.

3.

Boaſt not thy conqueſt; thou that ev'ry hour
Fall'ſt ten times low'r;
Nay, haſt not pow'r to riſe, if not, in caſe,
To fall more baſe:
Thou wallow'ſt, where I ſlip; and thou doſt tumble,
Where I but ſtumble:
Thou glory'ſt in thy ſlav'ry's dirty badges,
And fall'ſt for wages:
Sour grief and ſad repentance ſcours and cleanſe
My ſtains with tears;
Thy falling keeps thy falling ſtill in uſe;
But when I ſlip, I ſtand the more ſecure.

4.

Lord, what a nothing is this little ſpan,
We call a MAN!
What ſenny trash maintains the ſmoth'ring fires
Of his deſires!
How ſlight and ſhort are his reſolves at longeſt!
How weak at ſtrongeſt!
O, if a ſinner, held by that faſt hand,
Can hardly ſtand;
Good God! in what a deſp'rate caſe are they,
That have no ſtay!
Man's ſtate implies a neceſſary curſe:
When not himſelf, he's mad; when moſt himſelf, he's worſe.

* *Ure*; i. e. uſe.

S. AM-

S. AMBROS. in Ser. ad Vincula.

Peter *ſtood more firmly after he had lamented his fall, than before he fell; inſomuch that he found more grace, than he loſt grace.*

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heliod. Monach.

It is no ſuch heinous matter to fall afflicted, as, being down, to lie dejected. It is no danger for a ſoldier to receive a wound in battle, but, after the wound received, through deſpair of recovery, to refuſe a remedy; for we often ſee wounded champions wear the palm at laſt, and, after fight, crowned with victory.

EPIG. 14.

Triumph not, Cupid, his miſchance doth ſhew
Thy trade; doth once, what thou doſt always do:
Brag not too ſoon; has thy prevailing hand
Foil'd him? ah fool, th'haſt taught him how to ſtand.

XV.

JER. xxxii. 40.

I will put my fear in their hearts, that they ſhall not depart from me.

SO, now the ſoul's ſublime'd; her four deſires
Are recalcine'd * in heav'n's well-temper'd fires:
The heart reſtore'd and purge'd from droſſy nature,
Now finds the freedom of a new-born creature:
It lives another life, it breathes new breath;
It neither fears nor feels the ſting of death:
Like as the idle vagrant (having none)
That boldly † 'dopts each houſe he views, his own;
Makes ev'ry pulſe his chequer ‡; and, at pleaſure,
Walks forth, and taxes all the world, like Cæſar;
At length, by virtue of a juſt command,
His ſides are lent to a ſeverer hand;
Whereon his paſs, not fully underſtood,
Is taxed in a manuſcript of blood;
Thus paſt from town to town; until he come
A ſore repentant to his native home:
Ev'n ſo the rambling heart, that idly roves
From crimes to ſin, and uncontroul'd removes
From luſt to luſt, when wanton fleſh invites
From old worn pleaſures to new choice delights;
At length, corrected by the filial rod
Of his offended, but his gracious God,
And laſh'd from ſins to ſighs; and, by degrees,
From ſighs to vows, from vows to bended knees;
From bended knees to a true penſive breaſt;
From thence to torments not by tongue expreſt;

* *Recalcin'd*: to calcine, is, with chymiſts, to burn to a cinder.
† *'Dopts*; i. e. adopts, or makes his own.
‡ *Chequer*; i. e. exchequer, or treaſury.

B. II. *Emb.* 15.

Patet Ætheri ; clauditur Orbi.

Open to Heav'n, the Heart scorns Earthly Pride ;
Open to Heav'n, tis shut to all beside.

UNIV. OF MICH.

Returns; and (from his ſinful ſelf exil'd)
Finds a glad father, he a welcome child:
O then it lives; O then it lives involv'd
In ſecret raptures; pants to be diſſolv'd:
The royal off-ſpring of a ſecond birth,
Sets ope' to heav'n, and ſhuts the door to earth:
If love-ſick Jove commanded clouds ſhould hap
To rain ſuch ſhow'rs as quicken'd Danaë's lap:
Or dogs (far kinder than their purple maſter)
Should lick his ſores; he laughs, nor weeps the faſter.
If earth (heav'n's rival) dart her idle ray;
To heav'n, 'tis wax,—and to the world, 'tis clay:
If earth preſent delights, it ſcorns to draw;
But, like the jet * unrubb'd, diſdains that ſtraw.
No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it;
No grief diſturbs it, and no error guides it;
No good contemns it, and no virtue blames it;
No guilt condemns it, and no folly ſhames it;
No ſloth beſots it, and no luſt enthralls it;
No ſcorn afflicts it, and no paſſion galls it:
It is a cark'net † of immortal life;
An ark of peace; the liſts of ſacred ſtrife;
A purer piece of endleſs tranſitory;
A ſhrine of grace, a little throne of glory:
A heav'n born off-ſpring of a new-born birth;
An earthly heav'n; an ounce of heav'nly earth.

* *Jet*; i. e. black amber: which, rubb'd, has an attractive quality.

† *A cark'net*; i. e. a necklace.

S. AUG. de Spir. & Anima.

O happy heart, where piety affecteth, where humility ſubjecteth, where repentance correcteth, where obedience directeth, where perſeverance perfecteth, where power protecteth, where devotion projecteth, where charity connecteth.

S. GREG.

Which way ſoever the heart turneth itſelf (if carefully), it ſhall commonly obſerve, that in thoſe very things we loſe God, in thoſe very things we ſhall find God: it ſhall find the heat of his power, in the conſideration of thoſe things, in the love of which things he was moſt cold; and by what things it fell, perverted, by thoſe things it is raiſed, converted.

EPIG. 15.

My heart! But wherefore do I call thee ſo?
I have renounce'd my int'reſt long ago:
When thou wert falſe and fleſhly, I was thine;
Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.

THE

B. III. *Front.*

Pſalm. 38. 9.

On Thee, O Lord, is fixd my whole Desire;
To Thee my Groans ascend, my Prayers aspire.

NIV. OF CH.

THE THIRD BOOK.

THE ENTERTAINMENT.

ALL you, whoſe better thoughts are newly born,
And (rebaptize'd with holy fire, can ſcorn
The world's baſe traſh; whoſe necks diſdain to bear
Th' imperious yoke of Satan; whoſe chaſte ear
No wanton ſongs of ſyrens can ſurpriſe
With falſe delight; whoſe more-than-eagle eyes
Can view the glorious flames of gold, and gaze
On glitt'ring beams of honor, and not daze *;
Whoſe ſouls can ſpurn at pleaſure, and deny
The looſe ſuggeſtions of the fleſh; draw nigh.
And you, whoſe am'rous, whoſe ſelect deſires,
Would feel the warmth of thoſe tranſcendent fires,
Which (like the riſing ſun) put out the light
Of Venus' ſtar, and turn her day to night;
You that would love, and have your paſſions crown'd
With greater happineſs than can be found
In your own wiſhes; you that would affect
Where neither ſcorn, nor guile, nor diſreſpect,
Shall wound your tortur'd ſouls; that would enjoy,
Where neither want can pinch, nor fullneſs cloy,
Nor double doubt afflicts, nor baſer fear
Unflames your courage in purſuit; draw near,
Shake hands † with earth, and let your ſoul reſpect
Her joys no further, than her joys reflect

* *Daze*; i. e. to be dazzled.

† *Shake hands with*; i. e. take leave of.

Upon her Maker's glory; if thou ſwim
In wealth, ſee Him in all; ſee all in Him:
Sink'ſt thou in want, and is thy ſmall cruſe ſpent?
See Him, in want: enjoy Him, in content:
Conceiv'ſt Him lodg'd in croſs, or loſt in pain?
In pray'r and patience, find Him out again:
Make Heav'n thy miſtreſs; let no change remove
Thy loyal heart,—be fond, be ſick of love:
What if he ſtop his ear, or knit his brow?
At length he'll be as fond, as ſick as thou:
Dart up thy ſoul in groans; thy ſecret groan
Shall pierce his ear, ſhall pierce his ear alone:
Dart up thy ſoul in vows: thy ſacred vow
Shall find Him out, where Heav'n alone ſhall know:
Dart up thy ſoul in ſighs: thy whiſp'ring ſigh
Shall rouſe his ears, and fear no liſt'ner nigh;
Send up thy groans, thy ſighs, thy cloſet vow; [thou.
There's none, there's none ſhall know but Heav'n and
Groans freſh'd with vows, and vows made ſalt with tears,
Unſcale his eyes, and ſcale his conquer'd ears:
Shoot up the boſom-ſhafts of thy deſire,
Feather'd with faith, and double-fork'd with fire;
And they will hit: fear not, where Heav'n bids come;
Heav'n's never deaf, but when man's heart is dumb.

I.

Isaiah xxvi. 9.

My ſoul hath deſired thee in the night.

GOOD God! what horrid darkneſs doth ſurround
My groping ſoul! how are my ſenſes bound
In utter ſhades, and, muffled from the light,
Lurk in the boſom of eternal night!
The bold-face'd lamp of heav'n can ſet and riſe,
And, with his morning glory, fill the eyes
Of gazing mortals; his victorious ray
Can chaſe the ſhadows, and reſtore the day:
Night's baſhful empreſs, though ſhe often wane,
As oft repents her darkneſs, primes again;
And, with her circling horns, doth re-embrace
Her brother's wealth, and orbs her ſilver face.
But ah! my ſun, deep-ſwallow'd in his fall,
Is ſet, and cannot ſhine, nor riſe at all:
My bankrupt wane can beg nor borrow light;
Alas! my darkneſs is perpetual night.
Falls have their riſings, wanings have their primes,
And deſp'rate ſorrows wait their better times:
Ebbs have their floods, and autumns have their ſprings;
All ſtates have changes, hurry'd with the ſwings
Of chance and time, ſtill tiding to and fro:
Terreſtrial bodies, and celeſtial too.
How often have I vainly grope'd about,
With lengthen'd arms, to find a paſſage out,
That I might catch thoſe beams mine eye deſires,
And bathe my ſoul in thoſe celeſtial fires!
Like as the hagard *, cloiſter'd in her mew †,
To ſcour her downy robes, and to renew

* *Hagard*; i. e. a wild hawk.
† *Mew*; i. e. coop, or cage.

Her

Her broken flags *, preparing t' overlook
The tim'rous mallard † at the ſliding brook,
Jets ‡ oft from perch to perch, from ſtock ‖ to ground;
From ground to window; thus ſurveying round
Her dove-befeather'd priſon, till at length
(Calling her noble birth to mind, and ſtrength
Whereto her wing was born) her ragged beak
Nips off her jangling jeſſes **, ſtrives to break
Her jingling fetters, and begins to bate §
At ev'ry glimpſe, and darts at ev'ry grate ¶:
Ev'n ſo my weary ſoul, that long has been
An inmate in this tenement of ſin,
Lock'd up by cloud-brow'd error, which invites
My cloiſter'd thoughts to feed on black delights,
Now ſcorns her ſhadows, and begins to dart
Her wing's deſires at thee, that only art
The ſun ſhe ſeeks, whoſe riſing beams can fright
Theſe duſky clouds that make ſo dark a night:
Shine forth, great glory, ſhine; that I may ſee
Both how to loath myſelf, and honor thee:
But if my weakneſs force thee to deny
Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine eye:
If I muſt want thoſe beams I wiſh, yet grant
That I, at leaſt, may wiſh thoſe beams I want.

* *Flags*; i. e. wing-feathers.
† *Mallard*; i. e. drake (water-fowl).
‡ *Jets*; i. e. hops.
‖ *Stock*; i. e. perch.
** *Jeſſes*; i. e. leather thongs that tied on the bells.
§ *Bate*; i. e. flutter her wings.
¶ *Grate*; i. e. lattice.
The above are all terms in falconry.

S. AU-

B. III. *Emb. 1.*

Haiah. 26. 9.

Amidst the Darkneſs of this Worldly Night,
Lord I have sigh'd to find thy Heavnly Light.

UNIV. OF MICH.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. 33.

There was a great dark cloud of vanity before mine eyes, ſo that I could not ſee the Sun of Juſtice, and the Light of Truth: I, being the ſon of darkneſs, was involved in darkneſs, becauſe I knew not thy light: I was blind, and loved my blindneſs, and did walk from darkneſs to darkneſs: but, Lord, thou art my God, who haſt led me from darkneſs, and the ſhadow of death; haſt called me into this glorious light, and behold, I ſee.

EPIG. 1.

My ſoul, chear up; what if the night be long,
Heav'n finds an ear, when ſinners find a tongue;
Thy tears are morning ſhow'rs: Heav'n bids me ſay,
When Peter's cock begins to crow, 'tis day.

II.

Psalm lxix. 5.

O Lord, thou knoweſt my fooliſhneſs, and my ſins are not hid from thee.

SEEST thou this fulſome ideot? in what meaſure
He ſeems tranſported with the antic pleaſure
Of childiſh bawbles? Canſt thou but admire
The empty fullneſs of his vain deſire?
Canſt thou conceive ſuch poor delights as theſe
Can fill th' inſatiate ſoul of man, or pleaſe
The fond aſpect of his deluded eye?
Reader, ſuch very fools are thou and I:
Falſe puffs of honour; the deceitful ſtreams
Of wealth; the idle, vain, and empty dreams
Of pleaſure, are our traffick, and enſnare
Our ſouls, the threefold ſubject of our care;
We toil for traſh, we barter ſolid joys
For airy trifles, ſell our heav'n for toys:
We catch at barley-grains, whilſt pearls ſtand by
Deſpis'd; ſuch very fools are thou and I.
Aim'ſt thou at honor? does not th' ideot ſhake it
In his left hand? fond man, ſtep forth and take it:
Or would'ſt thou wealth? ſee now the fool preſents thee
With a full baſket, if ſuch wealth contents thee:
Would'ſt thou take pleaſure? If the fool unſtride
His prancing ſtallion, thou may'ſt up and ride:
Fond man, ſuch is the pleaſure, wealth, and honor
The earth affords ſuch fools as doat upon her:
Such is the game whereat earth's ideots fly;
Such ideots, ah! ſuch fools, are thou and I.

Had

B. III. *Emb.* 2.

Pſalm. 69. 5.

To Thee, O Lord, are all our Follies known,
Wert thou extreme to mark them from thy Throne.

Had rebel man's fool-hardineſs extended
No farther than himſelf, and there had ended,
It had been juſt; but, thus enrage'd, to fly
Upon th' eternal eyes of Majeſty,
And drag the Son of Glory from the breaſt
Of his indulgent Father; to arreſt
His great and ſacred perſon; in diſgrace
To ſpit and ſpawl upon his ſun-bright face;
To taunt him with baſe terms, and, being bound,
To ſcourge his ſoft, his trembling ſides; to wound
His head with thorns; his heart with human fears;
His hands with nails, and his pale flank with ſpears;
And then to paddle in the purer ſtream
Of his ſpilt blood, is more than moſt extreme;
Great Builder of mankind, canſt thou propound
All this to thy bright eyes, and not confound
Thy handy-work? O! canſt thou chuſe but ſee,
That made'ſt the eye? can aught be hid from thee?
Thou ſeeſt our perſons, Lord, and not our guilt;
Thou ſeeſt not what thou may'ſt, but what thou wilt:
The hand that form'd us is inforce'd to be
A ſcreen ſet up betwixt thy work and thee:
Look, look upon that hand, and thou ſhalt ſpy
An open wound, a thor'ghfare for thine eye;
Or if that wound be clos'd, that paſſage be
Deny'd between thy gracious eye and me,
Yet view the ſcar; that ſcar will countermand
Thy wrath: O read my fortune in thy hand.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. Hom. iv. Joan.

Fools ſeem to abound in wealth, when they want all things; they ſeem to enjoy happineſs, when indeed they are only moſt miſerable: neither do they underſtand that they are deluded by their fancy, till they be delivered from their folly.

S. GREG. in Mor.

By ſo much the more are we inwardly fooliſh, by how much we ſtrive to ſeem outwardly wiſe.

EPIG. 2.

Rebellious fool, what has thy folly done?
Controul'd thy God, and crucify'd his Son!
How ſweetly has the Lord of Life deceiv'd thee!
Thou ſhedd'ſt his blood, and that ſhed blood has ſav'd
[thee.

B. III. *Emb.* 3.

Psalm. 6. 2.

Heal me O Lord, and give my Torments ease;
My Bones are vex'd; restore my Health & Peace.

UNIV. OF

III.

Psalm vi. 2.

Have mercy, Lord, upon me, for I am weak; O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.

Soul. Jesus.

Soul. AH! Son of David, help. *Jes.* What ſinful cry
Implores the Son of David? *Soul.* It is I.
Jes. Who art thou? *Soul.* Oh! a deeply-wounded breaſt
That's heavy laden, and would fain have reſt.
Jes. I have no ſcraps; and dogs muſt not be fed,
Like houſhold children, with the children's bread.
Soul. True, Lord; yet tolerate a hungry whelp
To lick their crums: O Son of David, help.
Jes. Poor ſoul, what ail'ſt thou? *Soul.* O I burn, I fry,
I cannot reſt; I know not where to fly,
To find ſome eaſe: I turn my blubber'd face
From man to man; I roll from place to place,
T' avoid my tortures, to obtain relief,
But ſtill am dogg'd and haunted with my grief:
My midnight torments call the ſluggiſh light,
And, when the morning's come, they woo the night.
Jes. Surceaſe thy tears, and ſpeak thy free deſires.
Soul. Quench, quench my flames, and 'ſwage thoſe ſcorching fires.
Jes. Canſt thou believe my hand can cure thy grief?
Soul. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief.
Jes. Hold forth thine arm, and let my fingers try
Thy pulſe: where, chiefly, doth thy torment lie?
Soul. From head to foot; it reigns in ev'ry part,
But plays the ſelf-law'd tyrant in my heart.

Jeſ. Canſt thou digeſt, canſt reliſh wholſome food?
How ſtands thy taſte? *Soul.* To nothing that is good.
All ſinful traſh, and earth's unſav'ry ſtuff,
I can digeſt and reliſh well enough.
Jeſus. Is not thy blood as cold as hot, by turns?
Soul. Cold to what's good; to what is bad, it burns.
Jeſ. How old's thy grief? *Soul.* I took it at the fall,
With eating fruit. *Jeſ.* 'Tis epidemical:
Thy blood's infected, and th' infection ſprung
From a bad liver: 'tis a fever ſtrong
And full of death, unleſs, with preſent ſpeed,
A vein be open'd: thou muſt die, or bleed.
Soul. O I am faint and ſpent: that lance that ſhall
Let forth my blood, lets forth my life withal:
My ſoul wants cordials; and has greater need
Of blood, than (being ſpent ſo far) to bleed:
I faint already; if I bleed, I die.
Jeſ. 'Tis either you muſt bleed, ſick ſoul, or I:
My blood's a cordial. He that ſucks my veins,
Shall cleanſe his own, and conquer greater pains
Than theſe: chear up; this precious blood of mine
Shall cure thy grief; my heart ſhall bleed for thine.
Believe, and view me with a faithful eye,
Thy ſoul ſhall neither languiſh, bleed, nor die.

S. AU-

S. AUGUST. lib. x. Confeſſ.

Lord, be merciful unto me! Ah me! behold, I hide not my wounds: Thou art a Phyſician, and I am ſick; thou art merciful, and I am miſerable.

S. GREG. in Paſtoral.

O wiſdom, with how ſweet an art do thy wine and oil reſtore health to my healthleſs ſoul! How powerfully merciful, how mercifully powerful art thou! Powerful for me, merciful to me!

EPIG. 3.

Canſt thou be ſick, and ſuch a doctor by?
Thou canſt not live, unleſs thy Doctor die!
Strange kind of grief, that finds no med'cine good
To 'ſwage her pains, but the Phyſician's blood!

IV.

PSALM XXV. 18.

Look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive all my ſins.

BOTH work and ſtrokes? both laſh and labor too?
What more could Edom or proud Aſſur do?
Stripes after ſtripes; and blows ſucceeding blows!
Lord, has thy ſcourge no mercy, and my woes
No end? my pains no eaſe? no intermiſſion?
Is this the ſtate, is this the ſad condition
Of thoſe that truſt thee; will thy goodneſs pleaſe
T' allow no other favors? none but theſe?
Will not the rhet'ric of my torments move?
Are theſe the ſymptoms, theſe the ſigns of love?
Is't not enough, enough that I fulfill
The toilſome taſk of thy laborious will?
May not this labor expiate and purge
My ſin, without th' addition of a ſcourge?
Look on my cloudy brow, how faſt it rains
Sad ſhow'rs of ſweat, the fruits of fruitleſs pains:
Behold theſe ridges, ſee what purple furrows
Thy plough has made; O think upon thoſe ſorrows
That once were thine; O wilt thou not be woo'd
To mercy by the charms of ſweat and blood?
Canſt thou forget that drowſy mount wherein
Thy dull diſciples ſlept? was not my ſin
There puniſh'd in thy ſoul? Did not this brow
Then ſweat in thine? were not thoſe drops enow?
Remember Golgotha, where that ſpring-tide
O'erflow'd thy ſov'reign, ſacramental ſide:

B.III. *Emb.A.*

Pſalm. 25. 18.

Behold, O Lord, my Labour and my Pain;
Forgive my Sins; thy chaſtning Hand reſtrain.

UNIV. OF

There was no ſin, there was no guilt in thee, [me.
That caus'd thoſe pains; thou ſweat'ſt, thou bled'ſt for
Was there not blood enough, when one ſmall drop
Had pow'r to ranſom thouſand worlds, and ſtop
The mouth of juſtice? Lord, I bled before
In thy deep wounds; can juſtice challenge more?
Or doſt thou vainly labor to hedge in
Thy loſſes from my ſides? my blood is thin,
And thy free bounty ſcorns ſuch eaſy thrift;
No, no, thy blood came not as loan, but gift.
But muſt I ever grind? and muſt I earn
Nothing but ſtripes? O wilt thou diſaltern *
The reſt thou gav'ſt? haſt thou perus'd the curſe
Thou laid'ſt on Adam's fall, and made it worſe?
Canſt thou repent of mercy? Heav'n thought good
Loſt man ſhould feed in ſweat; not work in blood:
Why doſt thou wound th' already wounded breaſt?
Ah me! my life is but a pain at beſt:
I am but dying duſt: my day's a ſpan;
What pleaſure take'ſt thou in the blood of man?
Spare, ſpare thy ſcourge, and be not ſo auſtere:
Send fewer ſtrokes, or lend more ſtrength to bear.

* *Diſaltern*; i. e. ſet aſide the alternate changes of *ſtripes* and *reſt*, common to man.

S. BERN. Hom. lxxxi. in Cant.

Miſerable man! Who ſhall deliver me from the reproach of this ſhameful bondage? I am a miſerable man, but a free man; free, becauſe a man; miſerable, becauſe a ſervant: in regard of my bondage, miſerable; in regard of my will, inexcuſeable: for my will, that was free, beſlaved itſelf to ſin, by aſſenting to ſin; for he that committeth ſin, is the ſervant to ſin.

EPIG. 4.

Tax not thy God: thine own defaults did urge
This twofold puniſhment; the mill, the ſcourge.
Thy ſin's the author of thy ſelf-tormenting:
Thou grind'ſt for ſinning; ſcourg'd for not repenting.

Jon

V.

Job x. 9.

Remember, I beſeech thee, that thou haſt made me as the clay, and wilt thou bring me into duſt again?

THUS from the boſom of the new-made earth
Poor man was delv'd*, and had his unborn birth;
The ſame the ſtuff, the ſelf-ſame hand doth trim
The plant that fades, the beaſt that dies, and him:
One was their ſire, one was their common mother,
Plants are his ſiſters, and the beaſt his brother,
The elder too; beaſts draw the ſelf-ſame breath,
Wax old alike, and die the ſelf-ſame death:
Plants grow as he, with fairer robes array'd;
Alike they flouriſh, and alike they fade:
The beaſt in ſenſe exceeds him, and, in growth,
The three-age'd oak doth thrice exceed them both.
Why look'ſt thou then ſo big, thou little ſpan
Of earth? what art thou more in being man?
I †, but my great Creator did inſpire
My choſen earth with the diviner fire
Of reaſon; gave me judgment and a will;
That, to know good; this, to chuſe good from ill:
He put the reins of pow'r in my free hand,
A juriſdiction over ſea and land;
He gave me art to lengthen out my ſpan
Of life,—and made me all, in being man:
I †, but thy paſſion has committed treaſon
Againſt the ſacred perſon of thy reaſon:
Thy judgment is corrupt, perverſe thy will;
That knows no good, and this makes choice of ill:

* *Delv'd*; i. e. dug.
† *Ij* i. e. Aye.

The

The greater height ſends down the deeper fall;
And good decline'd turns bad, turns worſt of all.
Say then, proud inch of living earth, what can
Thy greatneſs claim the more in being man?
O but my ſoul tranſcends the pitch of nature,
Borne up by th' image of her high Creator;
Outbraves the life of reaſon, and bears down
Her waxen wings, kicks off her braſen crown.
My heart's a living temple, t'entertain
The King of glory, and his glorious train:
How can I mend my title, then? where can
Ambition find a higher ſtyle than man?
Ah! but that image is deface'd and ſoil'd;
Her temple's raze'd, her altars all defile'd;
Her veſſels are polluted and diſtain'd
With loathed luſt, her ornaments profane'd;
Her oil-forſaken lamps and hallow'd tapers
Put out; her incenſe breathes unſav'ry vapors:
Why ſwell'ſt thou then ſo big, thou little ſpan
Of earth? what art thou more in being man?
Eternal Potter, whoſe bleſt hands did lay
My coarſe foundation from a ſod of clay,
Thou know'ſt my ſlender veſſel's apt to leak;
Thou know'ſt, my brittle temper's prone to break:
Are my bones braſil, or my fleſh of oak?
O mend what thou haſt made, what I have broke:
Look, look with gentle eyes, and, in thy day
Of vengeance, Lord, remember I am clay.

S. AU-

B. III. *Emb. 5.*

Job. 10. 9.

Remember Lord, that I was made from Clay.
Not in thy Wrath consume me quite away.

UNIV. OF

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. xxxii.

Shall I aſk, who made me? It was thou that madeſt me, without whom nothing was made: Thou art my maker, and I thy work. I thank thee, my Lord God, by whom I live, and by whom all things ſubſiſt, becauſe thou madeſt me: I thank thee, O my Potter, becauſe thy hands have made me, becauſe thy hands have formed me.

EPIG. 5.

Why ſwell'ſt thou, man, puft up with fame and purſe?
Th' art better earth, but born to dig the worſe:
Thou came'ſt from earth, to earth thou muſt return;
And art but earth, caſt from the womb to th' urn.

VI.

JOB vii. 20.

I have ſinned: what ſhall I do unto thee, O thou preſerver of men? Why doſt thou ſet me as a mark againſt thee?

LORD, I have done; and, Lord, I have miſdone;
'Tis folly to conteſt, to ſtrive with one
That is too ſtrong; 'tis folly to aſſail
Or prove an arm that will, that muſt, prevail.
I've done, I've done; theſe trembling hands have thrown
Their daring weapons down: the day's thine own:
Forbear to ſtrike, where thou haſt won the field;
The palm, the palm is thine: I yield, I yield.
Theſe treach'rous hands, that were ſo vainly bold
To try a thriveleſs * combat, and to hold
Self-wounding weapons up, are now extended
For mercy from thy hand; that knee, that bended
Upon her guardleſs guard †, doth now repent
Upon this naked floor; ſee both are bent,
And ſue for pity: O my ragged wound
Is deep and deſp'rate, it is drench'd and drown'd
In blood and briny tears: it doth begin
To ſtink without, and putrify within.
Let that victorious hand, that now appears
Juſt in my blood, prove gracious to my tears:
Thou great preſerver of preſumptuous man,
What ſhall I do? What ſatisfaction can
Poor duſt and aſhes make? O if that blood,
That yet remains unſhed, were half as good

* *Thriveleſs*; i. e. unſucceſsful.
† A term in fencing.

As

B. III. *Emb. 6.*

Job. 7. 20.

Lord I have sinnd! yet Oh! relieve my Care,
Nor set me as a Mark thy Wrath to bear.

As blood of oxen, if my death might be
An off'ring to atone my God and me,
I would diſdain injurious life, and ſtand
A ſuitor to be wounded from thy hand.
But may thy wrongs be meaſure'd by the ſpan
Of life, or balance'd with the blood of man?
No, no, eternal ſin expects for guerdon *,
Eternal penance, or eternal pardon:
Lay down thy weapons, turn thy wrath away,
And pardon him that hath no price to pay;
Enlarge that ſoul, which baſe preſumption binds;
Thy juſtice cannot looſe what mercy finds;
O thou that wilt not bruiſe the broken reed,
Rub not my ſores, nor prick the wounds that bleed.
Lord, if thy peeviſh infant fights and flies,
With unpare'd weapons, at his mother's eyes,
Her frowns (half mix'd with ſmiles) may chance to ſhew
An angry love-tick on his arm, or ſo;
Where, if the babe but make a lip and cry,
Her heart begins to melt, and by-and-by
She coaks ‡ his dewy cheeks; her babe ſhe bliſſes,
And choaks her language with a thouſand kiſſes.
I am that child: lo, here I proſtrate lie,
Pleading for mercy; I repent, and cry
For gracious pardon: let thy gentle ears
Hear that in words, what mothers judge in tears:
See not my frailties, Lord, but through § my fear,
And look on ev'ry treſpaſs through a tear:
Then calm thine anger, and appear more mild;
Remember, th'art a father, I a child.

* *Guerdon*; i. e. reward.
‡ *Coaks*; i. e. ſoothes.
§ *Through*; i. e. ſee through.

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Ser. xxi. in Cant.

Miſerable man! Who ſhall deliver me from the reproach of this ſhameful bondage? I am a miſerable man, but a free man: free, becauſe like to God; miſerable, becauſe againſt God. O keeper of mankind, why haſt thou ſet me as a mark againſt thee? Thou haſt ſet me, becauſe thou haſt not hindered me: it is juſt that thy enemy ſhould be my enemy; and that he who repugneth thee, ſhould repugn me: I, who am againſt thee, am againſt myſelf.

EPIG. 6.

But form'd, and fight? But born, and then rebel?
How ſmall a blaſt will make a bubble ſwell!
But dare the floor affront the hand that made it?
So apt is duſt to fly in's face that made it!

Jon

B. III. *Emb.* 7.

Job. 13. 24.

Restore me Lord: let me again find Grace;
And hide no more the Glories of thy Face.

UNIV. OF

VII.

Job xiii. 24.

Wherefore hideſt thou thy face, and holdeſt me for thine enemy?

WHY doſt thou ſhade thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipſing hand ſo long deny
The ſun-ſhine of thy ſoul-enliv'ning eye?

Without that light, what light remains in me?
Thou art my life, my way, my light; in thee
I live, I move, and by thy beams I ſee.

Thou art my life; if thou but turn away,
My life's a thouſand deaths: thou art my way;
Without thee, Lord, I travel not, but ſtray.

My light thou art; without thy glorious ſight,
Mine eyes are darken'd with perpetual night.
My God, thou art my way, my life, my light.

Thou art my way; I wander if thou fly:
Thou art my light; if hid, how blind am I!
Thou art my life; if thou withdraw, I die.

Mine eyes are blind and dark, I cannot ſee;
To whom, or whither ſhould my darkneſs flee,
But to the light; and who's that light but thee?

My path is loſt, my wand'ring ſteps do ſtray;
I cannot ſafely go, nor ſafely ſtay;
Whom ſhould I ſeek but thee, my path, my way?

O, I am dead: to whom ſhall I, poor I,
Repair? to whom ſhall my ſad aſhes fly,
For life? and where is life but in thine eye?

And yet thou turn'ſt away thy face, and fly'ſt me;
And yet I ſue for grace, and thou deny'ſt me;
Speak, art thou angry, Lord, or only try'ſt me?

Unſcreen thoſe heav'nly lamps, or tell me why
Thou ſhade'ſt thy face? perhaps thou think'ſt no eye
Can view thoſe flames, and not drop down and die.

If that be all, ſhine forth and draw thee nigh'r;
Let me behold and die, for my deſire
Is, Phœnix-like, to periſh in that fire.

Death-conquer'd Laz'rus was redeem'd by thee:
If I am dead, Lord, ſet death's pris'ner free;
Am I more ſpent, or ſtink I worſe than he?

If my puff'd life be out, give leave to tine†
My ſhameleſs ſnuff at that bright lamp of thine;
O what's thy light the leſs for light'ning mine?

If I have loſt my path, great Shepherd, ſay,
Shall I ſtill wander in a doubtful way?
Lord, ſhall a lamb of Iſra'l's ſheepfold ſtray?

Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind man's eye,
The dead man's life: on thee my hopes rely;
If thou remove, I err, I grope, I die.

Diſcloſe thy ſun-beams, cloſe thy wings, and ſtay;
See, ſee how I am blind, and dead, and ſtray,
O thou that art my light, my life, my way.

† To *tine*, or *tind*; i. e. to light up.

S. AU-

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. i.

Why doſt thou hide thy face? Haply thou wilt ſay, none can ſee thy face and live: Ah, Lord, let me die; that I may ſee thee; let me ſee thee, that I may die: I would not live, but die; that I may ſee Chriſt, I deſire death; that I may live with Chriſt, I deſpiſe life.

ANSELM. Med. Cap. v.

O exce'lent hiding, which is become my perfection! My God, thou hideſt thy treaſure, to kindle my deſire: thou hideſt thy pearl, to inflame the ſeeker; thou delayeſt to give, that thou mayeſt teach me to importune; ſeemeſt not to hear, to make me perſevere.

EPIG. 7.

If Heav'n's all-quick'ning eyes vouchſafe to ſhine
Upon our ſouls, we ſlight; if not, we whine:
Our equinoctial hearts can never lie
Secure beneath the tropics of that eye.

VIII.

JER. ix. 1.

O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night.

O THAT mine eyes were ſprings, and could tranſ-[form
Their drops to ſeas; my ſighs into a ſtorm
Of zeal, and ſacred violence, wherein
This lab'ring veſſel, laden with her ſin,
Might ſuffer ſudden ſhipwreck, and be ſplit
Upon that rock, where my drench'd ſoul may ſit,
O'erwhelm'd with plenteous paſſion: O, and there
Drop, drop, into an everlaſting tear!
Ah me! that ev'ry ſliding vein that wanders
Through this vaſt iſle, did work her wild meanders
In brackiſh tears inſtead of blood, and ſwell
This fleſh with holy dropſies, from whoſe well,
Made warm with ſighs, may fume my waſting breath,
Whilſt I diſſolve in ſteams, and reek to death!
Theſe narrow ſluices of my dribbling eyes
Are much too ſtrait for thoſe quick ſprings that riſe,
And hourly fill my temples to the top;
I cannot ſhed for ev'ry ſin a drop;
Great Builder of mankind, why haſt thou ſent
Such ſwelling floods, and made ſo ſmall a vent?
O that this fleſh had been compos'd of ſnow,
Inſtead of earth; and bones of ice, that ſo,
Feeling the fever of my ſin, and loathing
The fire I feel, I might have thaw'd to nothing!

O thou

B. III. *Emb. 8.*

Jer. 9. 1.

O! that mine Eyes, like Fountains, would begin
To stream with Tears proportion'd to my Sin.

UNIV. OF MICH.

O thou that didſt, with hopeful joy, entomb
Me thrice three moons in thy laborious womb,
And then, with joyful pain, brought'ſt forth a ſon,
What, worth thy labor, has thy labor done?
What was there, ah! what was there in my birth
That could deſerve the eaſieſt ſmile of mirth?
A man was born; alas! and what's a man?
A ſcuttle full of duſt, a meaſure'd ſpan
Of flitting time; a furniſh'd pack'd, whoſe wares
Are ſullen griefs, and ſoul-tormenting cares:
A vale of tears, a veſſel tunn'd with breath,
By ſickneſs broach'd, to be drawn out by death:
A hapleſs, helpleſs thing, that, born, does cry
To feed; that feeds to live, that lives to die.
Great God and Man, whoſe eye ſpent drops ſo often
For me, that cannot weep enough; O ſoften
Theſe marble brains, and ſtrike this flinty rock;
Or, if the muſic of thy Peter's cock
Will more prevail, fill, fill my hearkning ears
With that ſweet ſound, that I may melt in tears!
I cannot weep, until thou broach mine eye;
O give me vent, or elſe I burſt, and die.

AMBROS. in Pſal. cxviii.

He mits *ſins to be wept for, cannot weep for ſins comm* and, *being himſelf moſt lamentable, hath no tears t* ent *his offences.*

NAZIANZ. Orat. iii.

Tears are e *deluge of ſin, and the world's ſacrifice.*

S. HIERON. in Eſaiam.

Prayer appeaſes God, but a tear compels him: that moves him, this conſtrains him.

EPIG. 8.

Earth is an iſland ported round with fears;
Thy way to heav'n is through the ſea of tears.
It is a ſtormy paſſage, where is found
The wreck of many a ſhip, but no man drown'd.

IX.

Psalm xviii. 5.

The ſorrows of hell compaſſed me about, and the ſnares of death prevented me.

IS not this type well cut, in ev'ry part
Full of rich cunning? file'd with Xeuxian art?
Are not the hunters, and their Stygian hounds,
Limn'd full to th' life? didſt ever hear the ſounds
Of muſic, and the lip-dividing breaths
Of the ſtrong-winded horn, recheats *, and deaths,
Done more exact? th' infernal Nimrods halloo?
The lawleſs purlieus † ? and the game they follow?
The hidden engines, and the ſnares that lie
So undiſcover'd, ſo obſcure'd to th' eye?
The new-drawn net, and her entangled prey?
And him that cloſes it? Beholder, ſay,
Is't not well done? ſeems 't not an em'lous ſtrife
Betwixt the rare-cut picture and the life?
Theſe purlieu-men are devils; and the hounds
(Thoſe quick-noſe'd canibals, that ſcour the grounds)
Temptations; and the game, the fiends purſue,
Are human ſouls, which ſtill they have in view;
Whoſe fury if they chance to 'ſcape by flying,
The ſkilful hunter plants his net, cloſe lying
On th' unſuſpected earth, baited with treaſure,
Ambitious honour, and ſelf-waſting pleaſure:
Where, if the ſoul but ſtoop, death ſtands prepare'd
To draw the net, and drown the ſouls enſnare'd.

* *Recheats*: an hunting term; when the horn blows to a retreat from a falſe ſcent.

† *Purlieus*; i. e. forbidden ground.

Poor ſoul! how art thou hurry'd to and fro!
Where canſt thou ſafely ſtay? where ſafely go?
If ſtay; theſe hot-mouth'd hounds are apt to tear thee:
If go; the ſnares incloſe, the nets enſnare thee:
What good in this bad world has pow'r t' invite thee
A willing gueſt? wherein can earth delight thee?
Her pleaſures are but itch; her wealth, but cares:
A world of dangers, and a world of ſnares:
The cloſe purſuers' buſy hands do plant
Snares in thy ſubſtance; ſnares attend thy want:
Snares in thy credit; ſnares in thy diſgrace:
Snares in thy high eſtate; ſnares in thy baſe:
Snares tuck thy bed; and ſnares ſurround thy board:
Snares watch thy thoughts; and ſnares attach thy word:
Snares in thy quiet; ſnares in thy commotion:
Snares in thy diet; ſnares in thy devotion:
Snares lurk in thy reſolves; ſnares in thy doubt:
Snares lie within thy heart, and ſnares without:
Snares are above thy head, and ſnares beneath:
Snares in thy ſickneſs, ſnares are in thy death.
O! if theſe purlieus be ſo full of danger,
Great God of harts, the world's ſole ſov'reign ranger,
Preſerve thy deer; and let my ſoul be bleſt
In thy ſafe foreſt, where I ſeek for reſt:
Then let the hell-hounds roar, I fear no ill;
Route me they may, but have no pow'r to kill.

S. AM.

B. III. *Emb.* 9.

Pſalm 18. 5.

In all my Ways the Snares of Death are found,
And Hells worſt Perils compaſs me around.

S. AMBROS. Lib. iv. in Cap. 4. Lucæ.

The reward of honors, the height of power, the delicacy of diet, and the beauty of an harlot, are the ſnares of the devil.

S. AMBROS. de Bono Mortis.

While thou ſeekeſt pleaſures, thou runneſt into ſnares; for the eye of the harlot, is the ſnare of the adulterer.

SAVANAR.

In eating, he ſets before us gluttony; in generation, luxury; in labor, ſluggiſhneſs; in converſing, envy; in governing, covetouſneſs; in correcting, anger; in honor, pride: in the heart, he ſets evil thoughts; in the mouth, evil words; in actions, evil works: when awake, he moves us to evil actions; when aſleep, to filthy dreams.

EPIG. 9.

Be ſad, my heart, deep dangers 'wait thy mirth:
Thy ſoul's way-laid by ſea, by hell, by earth:
Hell has her hounds; earth, ſnares; the ſea, a ſhelf;
But, moſt of all, my heart, beware thyſelf.

X.

Psalm cxliii. 2.

Enter not into judgment with thy ſervant; for in thy ſight ſhall no man living be juſtified.

Jesus. Justice. Sinner.

Jeſ. BRing forth the pris'ner, Juſtice. *Ju.* Thy commands
Are done, juſt judge: ſee here the pris'ner ſtands.
Jeſ. What has the pris'ner done? Say, what's the cauſe
Of his commitment? *Juſt.* He hath broke the laws
Of his too gracious God; conſpire'd the death
Of that great Majeſty that gave him breath,
And heaps tranſgreſſion, Lord, upon tranſgreſſion.
Jeſ. How know'ſt thou this? *Juſ.* Ev'n by his own confeſſion:
His ſins are crying; and they cry'd aloud:
They cry'd to heav'n, they cry'd to heav'n for blood.
Jeſ. What ſay'ſt thou, ſinner? haſt thou aught to plead,
That ſentence ſhould not paſs? Hold up thy head,
And ſhew thy braſen, thy rebellious face.
Sin. Ah me! I dare not: I'm too vile and baſe
To tread upon the earth; much more, to lift
Mine eyes to heav'n: I need no other ſhrift *
Than mine own conſcience: Lord, I muſt confeſs,
I am no more than duſt, and no whit leſs
Than my indictment ſtyles me; Ah! if thou
Search too ſevere, with too ſevere a brow,
What fleſh can ſtand? I have tranſgreſs'd thy laws;
My merits plead thy vengeance; not my cauſe.

* *Shrift*; i. e. confeſſion: an old word for auricular confeſſion, with papiſts.

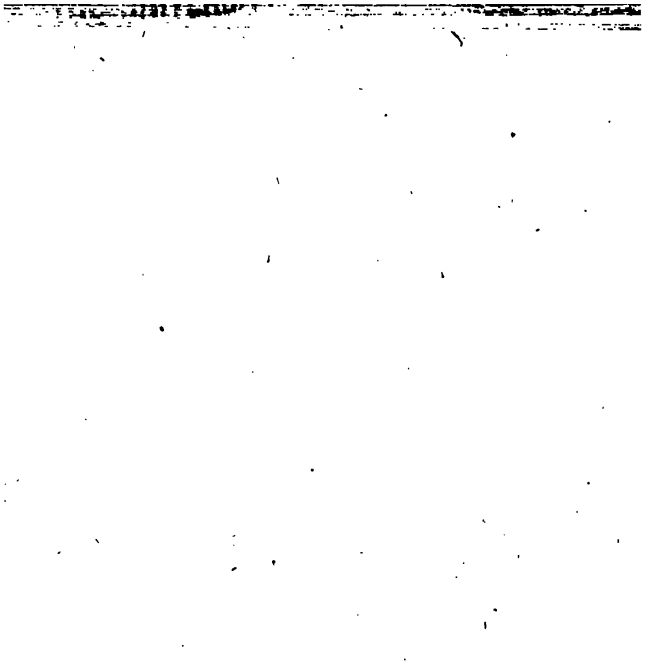
Juſt.

B. III. *Emb.* 10.

Pſalm 143. 2.

O Lord, let not thy Judgment be ſevere;
For in thy ſight, what Soul from Sin is clear?

UNIV. OF MICH.



Juſ. Lord, ſhall I ſtrike the blow? *Jeſ.* Hold, Juſtice,
Sinner, ſpeak on; what haſt thou more to ſay? [ſtay:
Sin. Vile as I am, and of myſelf abhorr'd,
I am thy handy-work, thy creature, Lord,
Stampt with thy glorious image, and, at firſt,
Moſt like to thee, though now a poor accurſt,
Convicted caitiff, and degen'rous creature, [greater.
Here trembling at thy bar. *Juſt.* Thy fault's the
Lord, ſhall I ſtrike the blow? *Jeſ.* Hold, Juſtice, ſtay.
Speak, ſinner; haſt thou nothing elſe to ſay?
Sin. Nothing but *mercy*, *mercy*, Lord; my ſtate
Is miſerably poor and deſperate:
I quite renounce myſelf, the world, and flee
From Lord to JESUS, from thyſelf to thee.
Juſt. Ceaſe thy vain hopes; my angry God has
Abuſed mercy muſt have blood for blood: [vow'd,
Shall I yet ſtrike the blow? *Jeſ.* Stay, Juſtice, hold;
My bowels yearn, my fainting blood grows cold,
To view the trembling wretch; methinks, I ſpy
My Father's image in the pris'ner's eye.
Juſt. I cannot hold. *Jeſ.* Then turn thy thirſty
Into my ſides, let there the wound be made: [blade
Chear up, dear ſoul; redeem thy life with mine:
My ſoul ſhall ſmart, my heart ſhall bleed for thine.
Sin. O groundleſs * deeps! O love beyond degree!
Th' offended dies to ſet th' offender free.

* *Groundleſs*; i. e. without bottom.

S. AU-

S. AUGUST.

Lord, if I have done that, for which thou mayeſt damn me; thou haſt not loſt that whereby thou mayeſt ſave me. Remember not, ſweet Jeſus, thy juſtice againſt the ſinner, but thy benignity towards thy creature: remember not to proceed againſt a guilty ſoul, but remember thy mercy towards a miſerable wretch: forget the inſolence of the provoker, but behold the miſery of the invoker; for what is Jeſus but a Saviour?

ANSELM.

Have reſpect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forget what my ſins have done againſt thee: my fleſh hath provoked thee to vengeance; let the fleſh of Chriſt move thee to mercy: it is much that my rebellions have deſerved; but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited.

EPIG. 10.

Mercy of mercies! He that was my drudge,
Is now my Advocate, is now my judge:
He ſuffers, pleads, and ſentences, alone:
Three I adore, and yet adore but One.

PSALM

B. III. *Emb.* 11.

Pfalm 69. 15.

My Bark's already wreckid! O timely save
Thy wretched Suppliant from a Watry Grave!

UNIV. OF ILL.

XI.

Psalm lxix. 15.

Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deep ſwallow me up.

THE world's a ſea; my fleſh a ſhip that's mann'd
With lab'ring thoughts, and ſteer'd by reaſon's hand:
My heart's the ſeaman's card*, whereby ſhe ſails;
My looſe affections are the greater ſails:
The top-ſail is my fancy; and the guſts,
That fill theſe wanton ſheets, are worldly luſts.
Pray'r is the cable, at whoſe end appears
The anchor hope, ne'er ſlipp'd but in our fears:
My will's th' unconſtant pilot, that commands
The ſtagg'ring keel; my ſins are like the ſands:
Repentance is the bucket; and mine eye
The pump unus'd (but in extremes) and dry:
My conſcience is the plummet that does preſs
The deeps, but ſeldom cries, *O fathomleſs!*
Smooth calm's ſecurity; the gulf, deſpair;
My freight's corruption, and this life's my fare:
My ſoul's the paſſenger, confus'dly driv'n
From fear to fright; her landing port is heav'n.
My ſeas are ſtormy, and my ſhip doth leak;
My ſailors rude; my ſteerſman faint and weak:
My canvaſs torn, it flaps from ſide to ſide;
My cable's crack'd, my anchor's ſlightly ty'd;
My pilot's craz'd; my ſhipwreck-ſands are cloak'd;
My bucket's broken, and my pump is choak'd;
My calm's deceitful, and my gulf too near;
My wares are ſlubber'd, and my fare's too dear:

* *Card, ſheet, cable*; ſea-terms, all of them proper and beautiful.

My plummet's light, it cannot ſink nor ſound;
O, ſhall my rock-bethreaten'd ſoul be drown'd?
Lord, ſtill the ſeas, and ſhield my ſhip from harm;
Inſtruct my ſailors, guide my ſteerſman's arm:
Touch [illegible] my compaſs, and renew my ſails;
Send ſt[illegible]ourage, or ſend milder gales:
Make iron my cable, bind my anchor faſter;
Direct my pilot, and be thou his maſter:
Object the ſands to my more ſerious view,
Make ſound m[illegible]y pump anew:
New-caſt my [illegible]t apt to try
Where the[illegible]re the quickſands lie;
Guard thou [illegible]my calms with care;
Cleanſe thou [illegible]ot my ſlender fare;
Refreſh the ſea-[illegible] cut ſhort
His voyage; land him in [illegible]ſhed port:
Thou, thou, whom wind[illegible] ſtormy ſeas obey,
That thro' the ſea gav'ſt grum[illegible]ling Iſr'el way,
Say to my ſoul, Be ſafe; and then mine eye
Shall ſcorn grim death, altho' grim death ſtand by.
O thou whoſe ſtrength-reviving arm did cheriſh
Thy ſinking Peter, at the point to periſh,
Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave,
I'll come, I'll come: the voice that calls will ſave.

S. A[illegible]

S. AMBROS. Apol. poſt. pro David. Cap. iii.

The confluence of luſt makes a great tempeſt, which in this ſea diſturbeth the ſeafaring ſoul, that reaſon cannot govern it.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xxxv.

We labor in the boiſterous ſea: thou ſtandeſt upon the ſhore, and ſeeſt our dangers; give us grace to hold a middle courſe betwixt Scylla *and* Charybdis, *that, both dangers eſcaped, we may arrive at the port ſecure.*

EPIG. ii.

My ſoul, the ſeas are rough, and thou a ſtranger
In theſe falſe coaſts: O keep aloof; there's danger:
Caſt forth thy plummet; ſee, a rock appears:
Thy ſhip wants ſea-room; make it with thy tears.

XII.

Job xiv. 13.

O that thou wouldſt hide me in the grave, that thou wouldſt keep me in ſecret, until thy wrath be paſt!

O Whither ſhall I fly? what path untrod
Shall I ſeek out, to 'ſcape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where ſhall I ſojourn? what kind ſea will hide
My head from thunder? where ſhall I abide,
Until his flames be quench'd or laid aſide?

What if my feet ſhould take their haſty flight,
And ſeek protection in the ſhades of night?
Alas! no ſhades can blind the God of light.

What if my ſoul ſhould take the wings of day,
And find ſome deſert? If ſhe ſprings away,
The wings of vengeance clip * as faſt as they.

What if ſome ſolid rock ſhould entertain
My frighted ſoul? can ſolid rocks reſtrain
The ſtroke of juſtice, and not cleave in twain?

Nor ſea, nor ſhade, nor ſhield, nor rock, nor cave,
Nor ſilent deſerts, nor the ſullen grave,
What flame-e,e'd fury means to ſmite, can ſave.

The ſeas will part, graves open, rocks will ſplit;
The ſhield will cleave; the frighted ſhadows flit:
Where Juſtice aims, her fiery darts muſt hit.

* *Clip*; i. e. cut the air, or fly.

No

B III. *Emb. 12.*

Job 14. 13.

O! that I could some secret place explore,
To hide me till the Hour of Wrath be o'er!

UNIV. OF MICH.

No, no, if ſtern-brow'd vengeance means to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, or under,
So cloſe, but will unlock, or rive in ſunder.

'Tis vain to flee; 'tis neither here nor there
Can 'ſcape that hand, until that hand forbear;
Ah me! where is he not, that's every-where?

'Tis vain to flee, till gentle mercy ſhew
Her better eye; the farther off we go,
The ſwing of juſtice deals the mightier blow.

Th' ingenuous child, corrected, doth not fly
His angry mother's hand; but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithleſs, and the rocks are falſe;
No truſt in braſs, no truſt in marble walls;
Poor cots are ev'n as ſafe as princes' halls.

Great God! there is no ſafety here below;
Thou art my fortreſs, thou that ſeem'ſt my foe:
'Tis thou, that ſtrike'ſt the ſtroke, muſt guard the blow.

Thou art my God, by thee I fall or ſtand;
Thy grace hath giv'n me courage to withſtand
All tortures, but my conſcience and thy hand.

I know thy juſtice is thyſelf; I know,
Juſt God, thy very ſelf is mercy too;
If not to thee, where, whither ſhall I go?

Then work thy will; if paſſion bid me flee,
My reaſon ſhall obey; my wings ſhall be
Stretch'd out no further than from thee to thee.

Read on this dial, how the ſhades devour
My ſhort-liv'd winter's day; hour eats up hour;
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold theſe lilies (which thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view), how ſoon they droop, how ſoon they fade!

Shade not that dial night will blind too ſoon;
My non-age'd day already points to noon;
How ſimple is my ſuit, how ſmall my boon!

Nor do I beg this ſlender inch, to while
The time away, or ſafely to beguile
My thoughts with joy; here's nothing worth a ſmile.

No, no: 'tis not to pleaſe my wanton ears
With frantic mirth, I beg but hours, not years:
And what thou giv'ſt me, I will give to tears.

Draw not that ſoul which would be rather led:
That Seed has not yet broke my ſerpent's head;
O ſhall I die before my ſins are dead?

Behold theſe rags; am I a fitting gueſt
To taſte the dainties of thy royal feaſt,
With hands and face unwaſh'd, ungirt, unbleſt?

Firſt, let the Jordan ſtreams, that find ſupplies
From the deep fountain of my heart, ariſe
And cleanſe my ſpots, and clear my lep'rous eyes.

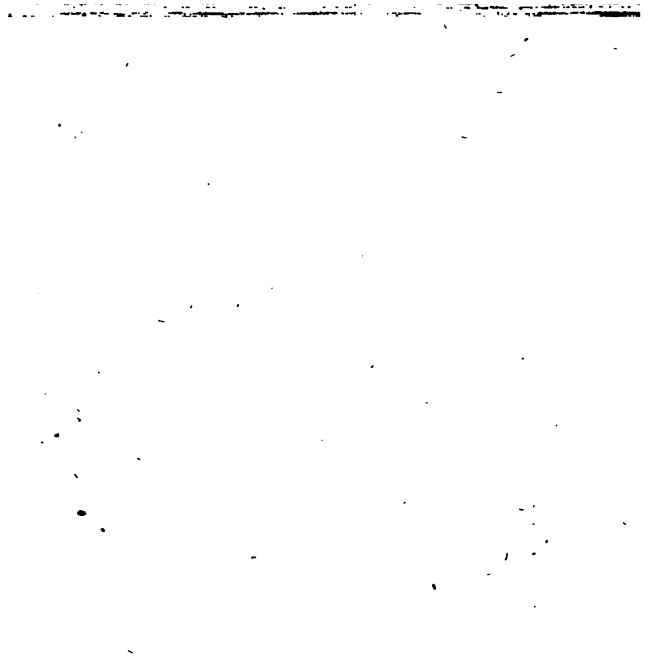
I have a world of ſins to be lamented;
I have a ſea of tears that muſt be vented:
O ſpare till then; and then I die contented.

S. AU.

B. III. *Emb. 13.*

Job. 10. 20.

My Days are few: spare then my forfeit Breath:
The Glass runs fast that yields me up to Death.



S. AUGUST. Lib. de Civit. Dei, Cap. x.

The time wherein we live, is taken from the ſpace of our life; and what remaineth, is daily made leſs, inſomuch that the time of our life is nothing but a paſſage to death.

S. GREG. Lib. ix. Cap. xliv. in Job.

As moderate afflictions bring tears, ſo immoderate take away tears; inſomuch that that ſorrow becometh no ſorrow, which, ſwallowing up the mind of the afflicted, taketh away the ſenſe of the affliction.

EPIG. 13.

Fear'ſt thou to go, when ſuch an arm invites thee?
Dread'ſt thou thy loads of ſin? or what affrights thee?
If thou begin to fear, thy fear begins:
Fool, can he bear thee hence, and not thy ſins?

XIV.

DEUT. xxxii. 29.

O that they were wiſe, that they underſtood this, that they would conſider their latter end!

FLESH. SPIRIT.

Fl. WHAT means my ſiſter's eye ſo oft to paſs
Thro' the long entry of that optic glaſs?
Tell me; what ſecret virtue doth invite
Thy wrinkled eye to ſuch unknown delight?
Sp. It helps the ſight, makes things remote appear
In perfect view; it draws the objects near.
Fl. What ſenſe-delighting objects doſt thou ſpy?
What doth that glaſs preſent before thine eye?
Sp. I ſee thy foe, my reconciled friend,
Grim death, ev'n ſtanding at the glaſs's end:
His left hand holds a branch of palm; his right
Holds forth a two-edg'd ſword. *Fl.* A proper ſight.
And is this all? Doth thy proſpective pleaſe
Th' abuſed fancy with no ſhapes but theſe?
Sp. Yes, I behold the darken'd ſun bereav'n
Of all his light, the battlements of heav'n
Swelt'ring in flames; the angel-guarded Son
Of glory on his high tribunal-throne;
I ſee a brimſtone ſea of boiling fire,
And fiends, with knotted whips of flaming wire,
Tort'ring poor ſouls, that gnaſh their teeth in vain,
And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues for pain.
Look, ſiſter, how the queaſy-ſtomach'd graves
Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves
Scald their conſumed ſs bodies; ſtrongly curſing
All wombs for bearing, and all paps for nurſing.

Fl. Can

B. III. *Emb. 14.*

Deuteron: 32. 29.

O that Mankind would Wisdom's Voice attend!
In Life preparing for their latter End.

UNIV. OF MICH.

Fl. Can thy diſtemper'd fancy take delight
In view of tortures? Theſe are ſhows t' affright:
Look in this glaſs triangular; look here,
Here's that will raviſh eyes. *Sp.* What ſeeſt thou there?
Fl. The world in colours; colours that diſtain
The cheeks of Proteus, or the ſilken train
Of Flora's nymphs; ſuch various ſorts of hue,
As ſun-confronting Iris never knew:
Here, if thou pleaſe to beautify a town,
Thou may'ſt; or, with a hand, turn't upſide down;
Here may'ſt thou ſcant or widen by the meaſure
Of thine own will; make ſhort or long at pleaſure:
Here may'ſt thou tire thy fancy, and adviſe
With ſhows more apt to pleaſe more curious eyes.
Sp. Ah fool! that doat'ſt on vain, on preſent toys,
And diſreſpect'ſt thoſe true, thoſe future joys;
How ſtrongly are thy thoughts befool'd, alas!
To doat on goods that periſh with thy glaſs;
Nay, vaniſh with the turning of a hand!
Were they but painted colours, it might ſtand
With painted reaſon that they might devote thee;
But things that have no being to beſot thee!
Foreſight of future torments is the way
To balk thoſe ills which preſent joys bewray.
As thou haſt fool'd thyſelf, ſo now come hither,
Break that fond glaſs, and let's be wiſe together.

S. BONAVENT. de Contemptu Sæculi.

O that men would be wiſe, and underſtand, and foreſee! Be wiſe, to know three things: the multitude of thoſe that are to be damned; the few number of thoſe that are to be ſaved; and the vanity of tranſitory things: underſtand three things; the multitude of ſins, the omiſſion of good things, and the loſs of time: foreſee three things; the danger of death, the laſt judgment, and eternal puniſhment.

EPIG. 14.

What, ſoul, no further yet? what, ne'er commence
Maſter in faith? ſtill bachelor of ſenſe?
Is't inſufficiency? or what has made thee
O'erſlip thy loſt degree? Thy luſts have ſtaid thee.

B. III. *Emb.* 15.

Psalm 31. 10.

My Days and Nights in constant Grief are spent;
Unhappy still, I live but to lament.

XV.

PSALM XXX. 10.

My life is ſpent with grief, and my years with ſighing.

WHAT ſullen ſtar rule'd my untimely birth,
That would not lend my days one hour of mirth?
How oft have theſe bare knees been bent to gain
The ſlender alms of one poor ſmile in vain!
How often, tire'd with the faſtidious light,
Have my faint lips implore'd the ſhades of night!
How often have my nightly torments pray'd
For ling'ring twilight, glutted with the ſhade!
Day worſe than night, night worſe than day appears;
In fears I ſpend my nights, my days in tears:
I moan unpity'd, groan without relief;
There is no end nor meaſure of my grief.
The ſmiling flow'r ſalutes the day; it grows
Untouch'd with care, it neither ſpins nor ſows:
O that my tedious life were like this flow'r,
Or freed from grief, or ſiniſh'd with an hour!
Why was I born? why was I born a man?
And why proportion'd by ſo large a ſpan?
Or why ſuſpended by the common lot?
And, being born to die, why did I not?
Ah me! why is my ſorrow-waſted breath
Deny'd the eaſy privilege of death?
The branded ſlave, that tugs the weary oar,
Obtains the ſabbath of a welcome ſhore:
His ranſom'd ſtripes are heal'd; his native ſoil
Sweetens the mem'ry of his foreign toil:

But ah! my ſorrows are not half ſo bleſt;
My labour finds no point, my pains no reſt:
I barter ſighs for tears, and tears for groans,
Still vainly rolling Siſyphæan ſtones.
Thou juſt obſerver of our flying hours,
That, with thy adamantine fang, devours
The braſen mon'ments of renowned kings,
Doth thy glaſs ſtand? or be thy moulting wings
Unapt to fly? if not, why doſt thou ſpare
A willing breaſt, that hath but only breath
To beg a wound, and ſtrength to crave a death?
O that the pleaſed heav'ns would once diſſolve
Theſe fleſhly fetters, that ſo faſt involve
My hamper'd ſoul! then would my ſoul be bleſt
From all thoſe ills, and wrap her thoughts in reſt:
Till then, my days are months, my months are years;
My years are ages, to be ſpent in tears:
My grief's entail'd upon my waſteful breath,
Which no recov'ry can cut off but death.
Breath drawn in cottages, puff'd out in moans,
Begins, continues, and concludes in groans.

INNO-

INNOCENT. de Vilitate Condit. humanæ.

O who will give mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may bewail the miſerable ingreſs of man's condition; the ſinful progreſs of man's converſation; the damnable egreſs in man's diſſolution? I will conſider with tears, whereof man was made, what man doth, and what man is to do: alas! he is formed of earth, conceived in ſin, born to puniſhment: he doth evil things, which are not lawful; he doth filthy things, which are not decent; he doth vain things, which are not expedient.

EPIG. 15.

My heart, thy life's a debt by bond, which bears
A ſecret date; the uſe is groans and tears:
Plead not; uſurious nature will have all,
As well the int'reſt as the principal.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

I.

ROM. vii. 23.

I ſee another law in my members, warring againſt the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of ſin.

1.

O HOW my will is hurry'd to and fro,
And how my unreſolv'd reſolves do vary!
I know not where to fix; ſometimes I go
This way, then that, and then the quite contrary:
I like, diſlike; lament for what I could not;
I do, undo; yet ſtill do what I ſhould not,
And at the ſelf-ſame inſtant will the thing I would not.

2.

Thus are my weather-beaten thoughts oppreſt
With th' earth-bred winds of my prodigious will;
Thus am I hourly toſt from eaſt to weſt
Upon the rolling ſtreams of good and ill:
Thus am I driv'n upon the ſlipp'ry ſuds
From real ills to falſe apparent goods:
My life's a troubled ſea, compos'd of ebbs and floods.

3.

The curious penman, having trimm'd his page
With the dead language of his dabbled quill,
Lets fall a heedleſs drop, then in a rage
Caſhiers the fruits of his unlucky ſkill;
Ev'n ſo my pregnant ſoul, in th' infant bud
Of her beſt thoughts, ſhow'rs down a coal-black flood
Of unadviſed ills, and cancels all her good.

B. IV. *Emb. 1.*

Rom. 7. 23.

But in my Flesh another Law I find,
Tending to Sin; which captivates my Mind.

UNIV.

4.

Sometimes a ſudden flaſh of ſacred heat
  Warms my chill ſoul, and ſets my thoughts in frame;
But ſoon that fire is ſhoulder'd from her ſeat
  By luſtfull Cupid's much inferior flame.
    I feel two flames, and yet no flame intire;
    Thus are the mongrel thoughts of mixt deſire
Conſume'd between that heav'nly and this earthly fire.

5.

Sometimes my traſh-diſdaining thoughts outpaſs
  The common period of terrene conceit;
O then methinks I ſcorn the thing I was,
  Whilſt I ſtand raviſh'd at my new eſtate:
    But when th' Icarian wings of my deſire
    Feel but the warmth of their own native fire,
O then they melt, and plunge within their wonted mire.

6.

I know the nature of my wav'ring mind;
  I know the frailty of my fleſhly will:
My paſſion's eagle-eye'd; my judgment blind;
  I know what's good, but yet make choice of ill.
    When th' oſtrich wings of my deſires ſhall be
    So dull, they cannot mount the leaſt degree,
Yet grant my ſoul deſire, but of deſiring thee.

S. BERN. Med. ix.

My heart is a vain heart, a vagabond and inſtable heart; while it is led by its own judgment, and wanting divine counſel, cannot ſubſiſt in itſelf; and whilſt it divers ways ſeeketh reſt, findeth none, but remaineth miſerable through labor, and void of peace: it agreeth not with itſelf, it diſſenteth from itſelf; it altereth reſolutions, changeth the judgment, frameth new thoughts, pulleth down the old, and buildeth them up again: it willeth, and willeth not; and never remaineth in the ſame ſtate.

S. AUGUST. de Verb. Apoſt.

When it would, it cannot; becauſe when it might, it would not; therefore by an evil will man loſt his good power.

EPIG. I.

My ſoul, how are thy thoughts diſturb'd, confin'd,
Enlarg'd betwixt thy members and thy mind!
Fix here or there; thy doubt-depending cauſe
Can ne'er expect one verdict 'twixt two laws.

II.

Psalm cxix. 5.

O that my ways were directed to keep thy ſtatutes!

1.

THUS I, the object of the world's diſdain,
With pilgrim face ſurround the weary earth:
I only reliſh what the world counts vain;
Her mirth's my grief; her ſullen grief, my mirth;
Her light my darkneſs; and her truth my error.
Her freedom is my gaol; and her delight my terror.

2.

Fond earth! proportion not my ſeeming love
To my long ſtay; let not thy thoughts deceive thee;
Thou art my priſon, and my home's above;
My life's a preparation but to leave thee:
Like one that ſeeks a door, I walk about thee;
With thee I cannot live; I cannot live without thee.

3.

The world's a lab'rinth, whoſe anfractuous * ways
Are all compos'd of rubs and crook'd meanders:
No reſting here; he's hurry'd back that ſtays
A thought; and he that goes unguided, wanders:
Her way is dark, her path untrod, unev'n;
So hard's the way from earth; ſo hard's the way to heav'n!

4.

This gyring † lab'rinth is betrench'd about
On either hand with ſtreams of ſulph'rous fire;
Streams cloſely ſliding, erring in and out,
But ſeeming pleaſant to the fond deſcrier:
Where, if his footſteps truſt their own invention,
He falls without redreſs, and ſinks without dimenſion.

* *Anfractuous*; i. e. winding about. † *Gyring*; i. e. full of turnings.

Where

5.

Where ſhall I ſeek a guide? where ſhall I meet
Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces?
What truſty lantern will direct my feet
To 'ſcape the danger of theſe dang'rous places?
What hopes have I to paſs without a guide?
Where one gets ſafely through, a thouſand fall beſide.

6.

An unrequeſted ſtar did gently ſlide
Before the wiſe men, to a greater light;
Backſliding Iſra'l found a double guide;
A pillar and a cloud—by day, by night:
Yet in my deſp'rate dangers, which be far
More great than theirs, I have no pillar, cloud, nor ſtar.

7.

O that the pinions of a clipping* dove
Would cut my paſſage through the empty air;
Mine eyes being ſeal'd, how would I mount above
The reach of danger and forgotten care!
My backward eyes ſhould ne'er commit that fault,
Whoſe laſting guilt ſhould build a monument of ſalt.

8.

Great God, that art the flowing ſpring of light,
Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent ray:
Thou art my path; direct my ſteps aright;
I have no other light, no other way:
I'll truſt my God, and him alone purſue;
His law ſhall be my path; his heavenly light, my clue.

* *Clipping*; i. e. ſwift-flying.

S. AU-

B. IV. *Emb.* 2.

Pſalm 119. 5.

O that my wand'ring Steps might guided be,
To keep the Road whose Paths direct to Thee!

UNIV. OF

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. iv.

O Lord, who art the light, the way, the truth, the life; in whom there is no darkneſs, error, vanity, nor death: the light, without which there is darkneſs; the way, without which there is wandering; the truth, without which there is error; the life, without which there is death: ſay, Lord, Let there be light, and I ſhall ſee light, and eſchew darkneſs; I ſhall ſee the way, and avoid wandering; I ſhall ſee the truth, and ſhun error; I ſhall ſee life, and eſcape death: illuminate, O illuminate my blind ſoul, which ſitteth in darkneſs, and the ſhadow of death; and direct my feet in the way of peace.

EPIG. 2.

Pilgrim, trudge on: what makes thy ſoul complain,
Crowns thy complaint; the way to reſt, is pain:
The road to reſolution, lies by doubt:
The next way home's the fartheſt way about.

III.

Psalm xvii. 5.

Stay my ſteps in thy paths, that my feet do not ſlide.

1.

Whene'er the old exchange of profit rings
Her ſilver ſaints-bell of uncertain gains;
My merchant-ſoul can ſtretch both legs and wings,
How I can run, and take unweary'd pains!
The charms of profit are ſo ſtrong, that I,
Who wanted legs to go, find wings to fly.

2.

If time-beguiling pleaſure but advance
Her luſtfull trump, and blow her bold alarms,
O how my ſportful ſoul can friſk and dance,
And hug that ſyren in her twined arms!
The ſprightly voice of ſinew-ſtrength'ning plea-[ſure
Can lend my bedrid ſoul both legs and leiſure.

3.

If blazing honor chance to fill my veins
With flatt'ring warmth, and flaſh of courtly fire,
My ſoul can take a pleaſure in her pains:
My lofty ſtrutting ſteps diſdain to tire;
My antic knees can turn upon the hinges
Of compliment, and ſcrue a thouſand cringes.

4.

But when I come to thee, my God, that art
The royal mine of everlaſting treaſure,
The real honor of my better part,
And living fountain of eternal pleaſure;
How nerveleſs are my limbs! how faint and ſlow!
I have no wings to fly, nor legs to go.

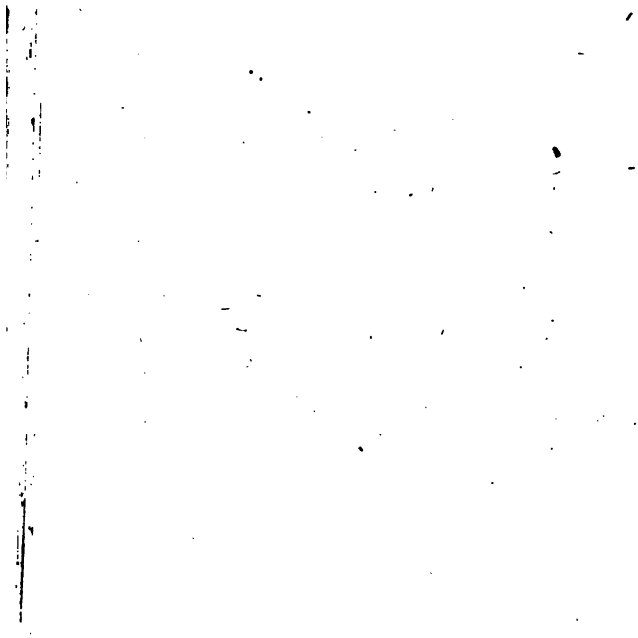
So

B. IV. *Emb.* 3.

Pſalm 17. 5.

Thus, let me ſtill attend my heavnly Guide,
That in his Ways my Footsteps may not slide.

UNIV. OF MICH.



5.

So when the ſtreams of ſwift-foot Rhine convey
Her upland riches to the Belgic ſhore,
The idle veſſel ſlides the wat'ry way,
Without the blaſt, or tug, of wind or oar:
Her ſlipp'ry keel divides the ſilver foam
With eaſe; ſo facile is the way from home!

6.

But when the home-bound veſſel turns her ſails
Againſt the breaſt of the reſiſting ſtream,
O then ſhe ſlugs; nor ſail, nor oar prevails;
The ſtream is ſturdy, and her tide's extreme:
Each ſtroke is loſs, and ev'ry tug is vain:
A boat-length's purchaſe is a league of pain.

7.

Great All in all, that art my reſt, my home;
My way is tedious, and my ſteps are ſlow:
Reach forth thy helpful hand, or bid me come;
I am thy child, O teach thy child to go:
Conjoin thy ſweet commands to my deſire,
And I will venture, though I fall or tire.

S. AUGUST. Ser. xv. de Verbo Apoſt.

Be always diſpleaſed at what thou art, if thou deſireſt to attain to what thou art not: for where thou haſt pleaſed thyſelf, there thou abideſt. But if thou ſayeſt, I have enough, thou periſheſt: always add, always walk, always proceed; neither ſtand ſtill, nor go back, nor deviate: he that ſtandeth ſtill, proceedeth not; he goeth back, that continueth not; he deviateth, that revolteth; he goeth better that creepeth in his way, than he that runneth out of his way.

EPIG. 3.

Fear not, my ſoul, to loſe for want of cunning;
Weep not; heav'n is not always got by running.
Thy thoughts are ſwift, although thy legs be ſlow;
True love will creep, not having ſtrength to go.

B. IV. *Emb.* 4.

Pfalm 119. 120.

Thus troubled, by these wrathful Signs displayd,
My Flesh lies trembling, and my Soul's afraid.

IV.

PSALM CXIX. 120.

My fleſh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgments.

LET others boaſt of luck, and go their ways
With their fair game; know, vengeance ſeldom plays
To be too forward, but doth wiſely frame
Her backward tables for an after-game:
She gives thee leave to venture many a blot;
And, for her own advantage, hits thee not;
But when her pointed tables are made fair,
That ſhe be ready for thee, then beware;
Then, if a neceſſary blot * be ſet,
She hits thee; wins the game; perchance, the ſet:
If proſp'rous chances make thy caſting high,
Be wiſely temp'rate; caſt a ſerious eye
On after-dangers, and keep back thy game;
Too forward ſeed-times make thy harveſt lame.
If left-hand Fortune give thee left-hand chances,
Be wiſely patient; let not envious glances
Repine, to view thy gameſter's heap ſo fair;
The hindmoſt hound oft takes the doubling hare.
The world's great dice are falſe; ſometimes they go
Extremely high, ſometimes extremely low:
Of all her gameſters, he that plays the leaſt,
Lives moſt at eaſe, plays moſt ſecure and beſt:
The way to win, is to play fair, and ſwear
Thyſelf a ſervant to the crown of fear.

* *Blot*, a term at backgammon.

Fear is the primer of a gameſter's ſkill:
Who fears not bad, ſtands moſt unarm'd to ill.
The ill that's wiſely fear'd, is half withſtood;
And fear of bad is the beſt foil to good.
True fear's th' elixir, which in days of old
Turn'd leaden croſſes into crowns of gold:
The world's the tables; ſtakes, eternal life:
The gameſters, heav'n and I; unequal ſtrife!
My fortunes are the dice, whereby I frame
My indiſpoſed life: this life's the game;
My ſins are ſeveral blots; the lookers-on
Are angels; and in death the game is done.
Lord, I'm a bungler, and my game doth grow
Still more and more unſhape'd; my dice run low:
The ſtakes are great; my careleſs blots are many:
And yet thou paſſeſt by, and hit'ſt not any:
Thou art too ſtrong; and I have none to guide me
With the leaſt jog; the lookers-on deride me:
It is a conqueſt undeſerving thee,
To win a ſtake from ſuch a worm as me:
I have no more to loſe; if we perſevere,
'Tis loſt: and that once loſt, I'm loſt for ever.
Lord, wink at faults, and be not too ſevere,
And I will ply my game with greater fear.
O give me fear, ere fear has paſt her date:
Whoſe b ot being hit, then fears, fears then too late.

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Ser. liv. in Cant.

There is nothing ſo effectual to obtain grace, to retain grace, and to regain grace, as always to be found before God not overwiſe, but to fear: happy art thou, if thy heart be repleniſhed with three fears; a fear for received grace, a greater fear for loſt grace, a greateſt fear to recover grace.

S. AUGUST. ſuper Pſal.

Preſent fear begetteth eternal ſecurity: fear God, which is above all, and no need to fear man at all.

EPIG. 4.

Lord, ſhall we grumble when thy flames do ſcourge us?
Our ſins breathe fire; that fire returns to purge us.
Lord, what an alchymiſt art thou, whoſe ſkill
Tranſmutes to perfect good, from perfect ill!

V.

Psalm cxix. 37.

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.

1.

HOW like the threads of flax,
That touch the flame, are my inflame'd desires!
How like to yielding wax,
My soul dissolves before these wanton fires!
The fire but touch'd, the flame but felt,
Like flax, I burn; like wax, I melt.

2.

O how this flesh doth draw
My fetter'd soul to that deceitful fire!
And how th' eternal law
Is baffled by the law of my desire!
How truly bad, how seeming good,
Are all the laws of flesh and blood!

3.

O wretched state of men,
The height of whose ambition is to borrow
What must be paid again
With griping int'rest of the next day's sorrow!
How wild his thoughts! how apt to range!
How apt to vary! apt to change!

4.

How intricate and nice
Is man's perplexed way to man's desire!
Sometimes upon the ice
He slips, and sometimes falls into the fire;
His progress is extreme and bold,
Or very hot, or very cold.

The

B. IV. Emb. 5.

Pfalm. 119. 37.

O turn away mine Eyes; nor let the Vain
And Wanton lure me to their idle Train.

UNIV OF

5.

The common food he doth
Suſtain his ſoul-tormenting thoughts withal,
Is honey in his mouth
To-night, and in his heart to-morrow gall;
'Tis oftentimes, within an hour,
Both very ſweet and very ſour.

6.

If ſweet Corinna ſmile,
A heav'n of joys breaks down into his heart:
Corinna frown a while,
Hell's torments are but copies of his ſmart:
Within a luſtful heart doth dwell
A ſeeming heav'n, a very hell.

7.

Thus worthleſs, vain, and void
Of comfort, are the fruits of earth's employment,
Which, ere they be enjoy'd,
Diſtract us, and deſtroy us in th' enjoyment;
Theſe be the pleaſures that are prize'd,
When Heav'n's cheap pen'worth ſtands deſpis'd.

8.

Lord, quench theſe haſty flaſhes,
Which dart as lightning from the thund'ring ſkies,
And ev'ry minute daſhes
Againſt the wanton windows of mine eyes:
Lord, cloſe the caſement, whilſt I ſtand
Beneath the curtain of thy hand.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. iv.

O thou Sun, that illuminateth both heaven and earth! woe be unto thoſe eyes which do not behold thee: woe be unto thoſe blind eyes which cannot behold thee: woe be unto thoſe which turn away their eyes, that they will not behold thee: woe be unto thoſe that turn away their eyes, that they may behold vanity.

S. CHRYS. ſup. Matt. xix.

What is the evil woman but the enemy of friendſhip, an avoidable pain, neceſſary miſchief, a natural temptation, a deſirable calamity, a domeſtic danger, a delectable inconvenience, and the nature of evil, painted over with the colour of good?

EPIG. 5.

'Tis vain, great God! to cloſe mine eyes from ill,
When I reſolve to keep the old man ſtill;
My rambling heart muſt cov'nant firſt with thee,
Or none can paſs betwixt mine eye and me.

VI.

ESTHER vii. 3.

If I have found favour in thy ſight, and if it pleaſe the king, let my life be given me at my petition.

THOU art the great Ahaſuerus, whoſe command
Doth ſtretch from pole to pole; the world's thy land;
Rebellious Vaſhti's the corrupted will,
Which, being call'd, refuſes to fulfill
Thy juſt command; Eſther, whoſe tears condole
The razed city, 's the regen'rate ſoul;
A captive maid, whom thou wilt pleaſe to grace
With nuptial honors in ſtout Vaſhti's place:
Her kinſman, whoſe unbended knee did thwart
Proud Haman's glory, is the fleſhly part;
The ſober eunuch, that recall'd to mind
The new-built gibbet (Haman had divine'd
For his own ruin) fifty cubits high,
Is luſtfull-thought-controuling chaſtity;
Inſulting Haman is that fleſhly luſt,
Whoſe red-hot fury, for a ſeaſon, muſt
Triumph in pride, and ſtudy how to tread
On Mordecai, till royal Eſther plead.
Great King, thy ſent-for Vaſhti will not come;
O let the oil o' th' bleſſed virgin's womb
Cleanſe my poor Eſther: look, O look upon her
With gracious eyes; and let thy beam of honor
So ſcour her captive ſtains, that ſhe may prove
An holy object of thy heav'nly love:
Anoint her with the ſpikenard of thy graces,
Then try the ſweetneſs of her chaſte embraces:

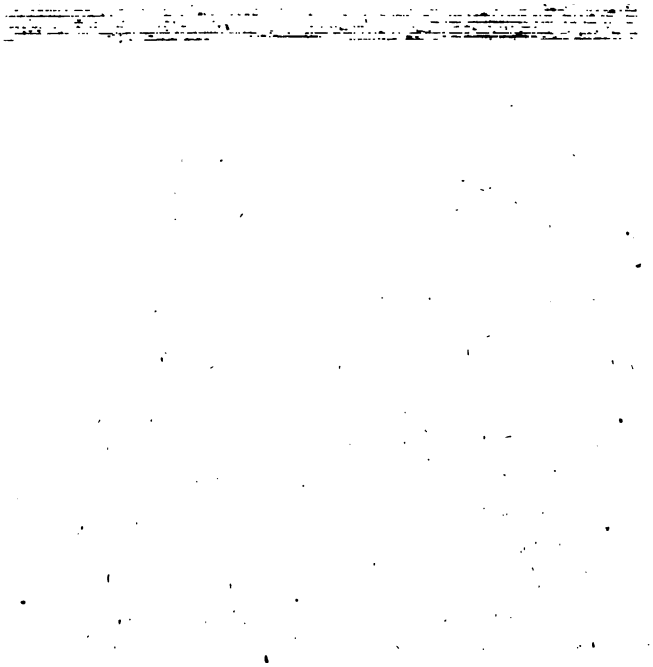
Make her the partner of thy nuptial bed,
And ſet thy royal crown upon her head;
If, then, ambitious Haman chance to ſpend
His ſpleen on Mordecai, that ſcorns to bend
The wilfull ſtiffneſs of his ſtubborn knee,
Or baſely crouch to any lord but thee;
If weeping Eſther ſhould prefer a groan
Before the high tribunal of thy throne,
Hold forth thy golden ſceptre, and afford
The gentle audience of a gracious Lord:
And let thy royal Eſther be poſſeſt
Of half thy kingdom, at her dear requeſt:
Curb luſtfull Haman, him that would diſgrace,
Nay, raviſh thy fair queen before thy face:
And as proud Haman was himſelf enſnare'd
On that ſelf-gibbet which himſelf prepare'd;
So nail my luſt, both puniſhment and guilt,
On that dear croſs which mine own luſts have built.

B.IV. *Emb.6.*

Esther.7.3.

If in thy Sight I have due Favour found,
Let my Petition with Success be crownd.

UNIV. OF MICH.



S. AUGUST. in Ep.

O Holy Spirit, always inſpire me with holy works. Conſtrain me, that I may do: counſel me, that I may love thee; confirm me, that I may hold thee; conſerve me, that I may not loſe thee.

S. AUGUST. ſup. Joan.

The ſpirit luſts, where the fleſh reſteth: for as the fleſh is nouriſhed with ſweet things, the ſpirit is refreſhed with ſour.

Ibidem.

Wouldſt thou that thy fleſh obey thy ſpirit? then let thy ſpirit obey thy God. Thou muſt be governed, that thou mayeſt govern.

EPIG. 6.

Of mercy and juſtice is thy kingdom built;
This plagues my ſin, and that removes my guilt;
Whene'er I ſue, Ahaſuerus-like, decline
Thy ſceptre: Lord, ſay, Half my kingdom's thine.

VII.

Canticles vii. 11.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field, and let us remain in the villages.

1.

Christ. Soul.

Chr. COME, come, my dear, and let us both retire,
And whiff the dainties of the fragrant field:
Where warb'ling Phil'mel and the ſhrill-mouth'd choir
Chant forth their raptures; where the turtle builds
Her lovely neſt; and where the new-born brier
Breathes forth the ſweetneſs that her April yields:
Come, come, my lovely fair, and let us try
Theſe rural delicates; where thou and I
May melt in private flames, and fear no ſtander-by.

2.

Soul. My heart's eternal joy, in lieu of whom
The earth's a blaſt, and all the world's a bubble;
Our city manſion is the faireſt home,
But country ſweets are tinge'd with leſſer trouble;
Let's try them both, and chuſe the better; come;
A change in pleaſure makes the pleaſure double;
On thy commands depends my go or tarry,
I'll ſtir with Martha, or I'll ſtay with Mary:
Our hearts are firmly fixt, altho' our pleaſures vary.

Chr.

B. IV. *Emb.* 7.

Cant. 7. 11.

Come my Beloved, let us range the Fields,
And taste each sweet Delight the Season yields.

UNIV.

3.

Chr. Our country manſion (ſituate on high),
With various objects, ſtill renews delight;
Her arched roof's of unſtain'd ivory:
Her walls of fiery-ſparkling chryſolite;
Her pavement is of hardeſt porphyry;
Her ſpacious windows are all glaze'd with bright
And flaming carbuncles; no need require
Titan's faint rays, or Vulcan's feeble fire;
And ev'ry gate's a pearl; and ev'ry pearl entire.

4.

Soul. Fool that I was! how were my thoughts deceiv'd!
How falſely was my fond conceit poſſeſt!
I took it for an hermitage, but pav'd
And daub'd with neighb'ring dirt, and thatch'd at beſt.
Alas! I ne'er expected more, nor crav'd;
A turtle hope'd but for a turtle's neſt:
Come, come, my dear, and let no idle ſtay
Neglect th' advantage of the headſtrong day;
How pleaſure grates, that feels the curb of dull delay!

5.

Chr. Come, then, my joy, let our divided paces
Conduct us to our faireſt territory;
O there we'll twine our ſouls in ſweet embraces:
Soul. And in thine arms I'll tell my paſſion's ſtory.
Chr. O there I'll crown thy head with all my graces;
Soul. And all theſe graces ſhall reflect thy glory:
Chr. O there I'll feed thee with celeſtial manna;
I'll be thy Elkanah. *Soul.* And I thy Hannah.
Chr. I'll ſound my trump of joy. *Soul,* And I'll reſound
Hoſanna!

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

O bleſſed contemplation! the death of vices, and the life of virtues! thee the law and the prophets admire: who ever attained perfection, if not by thee? O bleſſed ſolitude, the magazine of celeſtial treaſure! by thee, things earthly and tranſitory are changed into heavenly and eternal.

S. BERN. in Ep.

Happy is that houſe, and bleſſed is that congregation, where Martha *ſtill complaineth of* Mary.

EPIG. 7.

Mechanic ſoul, thou muſt not only do
With Martha, but with Mary ponder too:
Happy's that houſe where theſe fair ſiſters vary;
But moſt, when Martha's reconcile'd to Mary.

B. IV. *Emb. 8.*

Cant. 1.3.

Because thy sweet Perfumes so fragrant be,
Draw me O Lord, and I will follow Thee.

VIII.

Canticles i. 3, 4.

Draw me: we will run after thee, becauſe of the ſavour of thy good ointments.

THUS, like a lump of the corrupted maſs,
I lie ſecure, long loſt before I was:
And, like a block, beneath whoſe burden lies
That undiſcover'd worm which never dies,
I have no will to rouſe, I have no pow'r to riſe.

Can ſtinking Lazarus compound or ſtrive
With death's entangling fetters, and revive?
Or can the water-bury'd ax implore
A hand to raiſe it, or itſelf reſtore,
And from her ſandy deeps approach the dry-foot ſhore?

So hard's the taſk for ſinful fleſh and blood
To lend the ſmalleſt ſtep to what is good.
My God! I cannot move the leaſt degree:
Ah! if but only thoſe that active be,
None ſhould thy glory ſee, none ſhould thy glory ſee.

But if the potter pleaſe t' inform * the clay,
Or ſome ſtrong hand remove the block away,
Their lowly fortunes ſoon are mounted higher;
That proves a veſſel, which before was mire;
And this, being hewn, may ſerve for better uſe than fire.

And if that life-reſtoring voice command
Dead Laz'rus forth; or that great prophet's hand
Should charm the ſullen waters, and begin
To beckon, or to dart a ſtick but in,
Dead Laz'rus muſt revive, and th' ax muſt float again.

* *Inform*; i. e. new-make.

Lord, as I am, I have no pow'r at all
To hear thy voice, or echo to thy call;
The gloomy clouds of mine own guilt benight me;
Thy glorious beams, not dainty ſweets invite me;
They neither can direct, nor theſe at all delight me.

See how my ſin-bemangled body lies,
Not having pow'r to will, nor will to riſe!
Shine home upon thy creature, and inſpire
My lifeleſs will with thy regen'rate fire;
The firſt degree to do, is only to deſire.

Give me the pow'r to will, the will to do;
O raiſe me up, and I will ſtrive to go:
Draw me, O draw me with thy treble twiſt,
That have no pow'r but merely to reſiſt;
O lend me ſtrength to do, and then command thy liſt!

My ſoul's a clock, whoſe wheels (for want of uſe
And winding up, being ſubject to th' abuſe
Of eating ruſt) want vigour to fulfill
Her twelve hours taſk, and ſhew her Maker's ſkill,
But idly ſleeps unmov'd, and ſtandeth vainly ſtill.

Great God, it is thy work, and therefore good;
If thou be pleas'd to cleanſe it with thy blood,
And wind it up with thy ſoul-moving keys,
Her buſy wheels ſhall ſerve thee all her days;
Her hand ſhall point thy pow'r, her hammer ſtrike thy praiſe.

S. BERN. Ser. xxi. in Cant.

Let us run, let us run, but in the ſavour of thy ointment, not in the confidence of our merits, not in the greatneſs of our ſtrength: we truſt to run, but in the multitude of thy mercies; for though we run and are willing, it is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that ſheweth mercy. O let thy mercy return, and we will run: thou, like a giant, runneſt by thy own power; we, unleſs thy ointment breathe upon us, cannot run.

EPIG. 8.

Look not, my watch, being once repair'd, to ſtand
Expecting motion from thy Maker's hand.
He 'as wound thee up, and cleans'd thy cogs with blood:
If now thy wheels ſtand ſtill, thou art not good.

IX.

Canticles viii. 1.

O that thou wert as my brother, that ſucked the breaſts of my mother! when I ſhould find thee without, I would kiſs thee.

1.

COME, come, my bleſſed infant, and immure thee
Within the temple of my ſacred arms;
Secure mine arms, mine arms ſhall then ſecure thee
From Herod's fury, or the high-prieſt's harms:
Or if thy 'danger'd life ſuſtain a loſs,
My folded arms ſhall turn thy dying croſs.

2.

But ah! what ſavage tyrant can behold
The beauty of ſo ſweet a face as this is,
And not himſelf be by himſelf controul'd,
And change his fury to a thouſand kiſſes?
One ſmile of thine is worth more mines of treaſure
Than there were myriads in the days of Cæſar.

3.

O had the tetrarch, as he knew thy birth,
So known thy ſtock, he had not thought to paddle
In thy dear blood; but, proſtrate on the earth,
Had veil'd his crown before thy royal cradle,
And laid the ſceptre of his glory down,
And begg'd a heav'nly for an earthly crown.

Illuſtrious

S. BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. i.

O ſweet Jeſu, I knew not that thy kiſſes were ſo ſweet, nor thy ſociety ſo delectable, nor thy attraction ſo virtuous: for when I love thee, I am clean; when I touch thee, I am chaſte; when I receive thee, I am a virgin. O moſt ſweet Jeſu, thy embraces defile not, but cleanſe; thy attraction polluteth not, but ſanctifieth. O Jeſu, the fountain of univerſal ſweetneſs, pardon me that I believed ſo late, that ſo much ſweetneſs is in thy embraces.

EPIG. 9.

My burden's greateſt: let not Atlas boaſt:
Impartial reader, judge which bears the moſt:
He bears but heav'n; my folded arms ſuſtain
Heav'n's maker, whom heav'n's heav'n cannot contain.

X.

Canticles iii. 1.

In my bed, by night, I ſought him whom my ſoul loveth:
I ſought him, but I found him not.

THE learned Cynic, having loſt the way
To honeſt men, did, in the height of day,
By taper-light, divide his ſteps about
The peopled ſtreet, to find this dainty out;
But fail'd: the Cynic ſearch'd not where he ought;
The thing he ſought for, was not where he ſought.
The wiſe men's taſk ſeem'd harder to be done,
The wiſe men did by ſtar-light ſeek the Sun,
And found: the wiſe men ſearch'd it where they ought;
The thing they hope'd to find was where they ſought.
One ſeeks his wiſhes where he ſhould; but then
Perchance he ſeeks not as he ſhould, nor when.
Another ſearches when he ſhould; but there
He fails, not ſeeking as he ſhould, nor where.
Whoſe ſoul deſires the good it wants, and would
Obtain, muſt ſeek where, as, and when he ſhould.
How often have my wild affections led
My waſted ſoul to this my widow'd bed,
To ſeek my lover, whom my ſoul deſires!
(I ſpeak not, Cupid, of thy wanton fires:
Thy fires are all but dying ſparks to mine;
My flames are full of heav'n, and all divine)
How often have I ſought this bed by night,
To find that greater by this leſſer light!

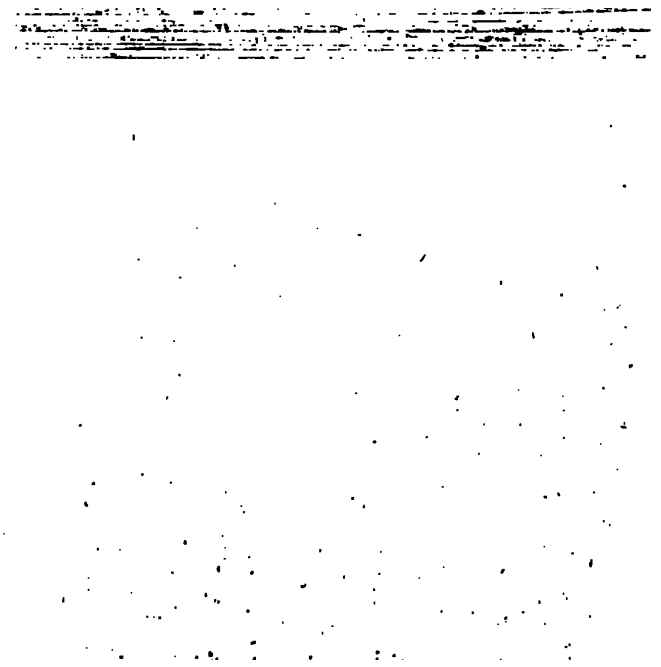
How oft have my unwitneſs'd groans lamented
Thy deareſt abſence! ah! how often vented
The bitter tempeſts of deſpairing breath,
And toſs'd my ſoul upon the waves of death!
How often has my melting heart made choice
Of ſilent tears (tears louder than a voice)
To plead my grief, and woo thy abſent ear!
And yet thou wilt not come, thou wilt not hear.
O is thy wonted love become ſo cold?
Or do mine eyes not ſeek thee where they ſhould?
Why do I ſeek thee, if thou art not here?
Or find thee not, if thou art ev'ry-where?
I ſee my error: 'tis not ſtrange I could not
Find out my love; I ſought him where I ſhould not.
Thou art not found on downy beds of eaſe;
Alas! thy muſic ſtrikes on harder keys:
Nor art thou found by that falſe feeble light
Of nature's candle; our Egyptian night
Is more than common darkneſs; nor can we
Expect a morning but what breaks from thee.
Well may my empty bed bewail thy loſs,
When thou art lodg'd upon thy ſhameful croſs:
If thou refuſe to ſhare a bed with me,
We'll never part, I'll ſhare a croſs with thee.

ANSELM.

B. IV. *Emb.* 10.

Cant. 3. 1.

I sought my Lover on my Bed by Night;
I sought, but could not find my Souls Delight.



ANSELM. in Protolog. i.

Lord, if thou art not preſent, where ſhall I ſeek thee abſent? if every-where, why do I not ſee thee preſent? Thou dwelleſt in light inacceſſible; and where is that inacceſſible light? or how ſhall I have acceſs to light inacceſſible? I beſeech thee, Lord, teach me to ſeek thee, and ſhew thyſelf to the ſeeker: becauſe I can neither ſeek thee, unleſs thou teach me; nor find thee, unleſs thou ſhew thyſelf to me: let me ſeek thee in deſiring thee, and deſire thee in ſeeking thee: let me find thee in loving thee, and love thee in finding thee.

EPIG. 10.

Where ſhouldſt thou ſeek for reſt, but in thy bed?
But now thy reſt is gone, thy reſt is fled:
'Tis vain to ſeek him there: my ſoul, be wiſe;
Go aſk thy ſins, they'll tell thee where he lies.

XI.

Canticles iii. 2.

I will riſe, and go about the city, and will ſeek him whom my ſoul loveth: I ſought him, but I found him not.

1.

O How my diſappointed ſoul's perplext! [breaſt!
How reſtleſs thoughts ſwarm in my troubled
How vainly pleas'd with hopes, then croſsly vext
With fears! and how betwixt them both diſtreſt!
What place is left unranſack'd? Oh! where next
Shall I go ſeek the author of my reſt?
Of what bleſs'd angel ſhall my lips inquire
The undiſcover'd way to that intire
And everlaſting ſolace of my heart's deſire?

2.

Look how the ſtricken hart, that, wounded, flies
O'er hills and dales, and ſeeks the lower grounds
For running ſtreams, the whilſt his weeping eyes
Beg ſilent mercy from the foll'wing hounds;
At length, emboſt *, he droops, drops down, and lies
Beneath the burden of his bleeding wounds:
Ev'n ſo my gaſping ſoul, diſſolv'd in tears,
Doth ſearch for thee, my God, whoſe deafen'd ears
Leave me th' unranſom'd pris'ner to my panic fears.

* *Emboſt*; i. e. taking to cover.

Where

B. IV. *Emb.* 11.

Cant. 3. 2.

I rose, and round the City rang'd, in vain.
For He was not among the busy Train.

UNIV. OF MICH.

3.

Where have my buſy eyes not pry'd? O where,
Of whom hath not my thread-bare tongue de-
I ſearch'd this glorious city; he's not here: [manded?
I ſought the country; ſhe ſtands empty-handed;
I ſearch'd the court; he is a ſtranger there:
I aſk'd the land; he's ſhipp'd: the ſea; he's landed:
I climb the air, my thoughts began t' aſpire;
But ah! the wings of my too bold deſire,
Soaring too near the ſun, were fridg'd with ſacred fire.

4.

I mov'd the merchant's ear, alas! but he
Knew neither what I ſaid, nor what to ſay:
I aſk'd the lawyer, he demands a fee,
And then demurs me with a vain delay:
I aſk'd the ſchoolman, his advice was free,
But ſcore'd me out too intricate a way:
I aſk'd the watchman (beſt of all the four),
Whoſe gentle anſwer could reſolve no more,
But that he lately left him at the temple-door.

5.

Thus having ſought, and made my great inqueſt
In ev'ry place, and ſearch'd in ev'ry ear,
I threw me on my bed; but ah! my reſt
Was poiſon'd with th' extremes of grief and fear;
Where looking down into my troubled breaſt,
The magazine of wounds, I found him there:
Let others hunt, and ſhew their ſportful art;
I wiſh to catch the hare before ſhe ſtart,
As poachers uſe to do; Heav'n's form* 's a troubled [heart.

* *Form* (a hunting term); i. e. where the hare ſits.

S. AM-

S. AMBROS. Lib. iii. de Virg.

Chriſt is not in the market, nor in the ſtreets: for Chriſt is peace, in the market are ſtrifes: Chriſt is juſtice, in the market is iniquity: Chriſt is a labourer, in the market is idleneſs: Chriſt is charity, in the market is ſlander: Chriſt is faith, in the market is fraud. Let us not therefore ſeek Chriſt, where we cannot find Chriſt.

S. HIERON. Ser. ix. Ep. 22. ad Euſtoch.

Jeſus is jealous: he will not have thy face ſeen: let fooliſh virgins ramble abroad; ſeek thou thy love at home.

EPIG. 11.

What, loſt thy love? will neither bed nor board
Receive him? not by tears to be implore'd?
It is the ſhip that moves, and not the coaſt;
I fear, I fear, my ſoul, 'tis thou art loſt.

B. IV. *Emb.* 12.

Cant: 3. 4.

Ah! have you seen him? Yes, my Love I found,
And my fond Arms encircled him around.

UNIV. OF MICH.

XII.

CANTICLES iii. 3, 4.

Have you ſeen him whom my ſoul loveth? When I had paſſed a little from them, then I found him; I took hold on him, and left him not.

1.

WHAT ſecret corner? what unwonted way
Has 'ſcap'd the ranſack of my rambling thought?
The fox by night, nor the dull owl by day,
Have never ſearch'd thoſe places I have ſought.
Whilſt thy lamented abſence taught my breaſt
The ready road to grief, without requeſt;
My day had neither comfort, nor my night had reſt.

2.

How hath my unregarded language vented
The ſad tautologies of laviſh paſſion!
How often have I languiſh'd unlamented!
How oft have I complain'd, without compaſſion!
I aſk'd the city-watch, but ſome deny'd me [me;
The common ſtreet, whilſt others would miſguide
Some would debar me; ſome divert me; ſome deride me.

3.

Mark how the widow'd turtle, having loſt
The faithful partner of her loyal heart,
Stretches her feeble wings from coaſt to coaſt,
Hunts ev'ry path; thinks ev'ry ſhade doth part
Her abſent love and her; at length, unſped,
She re-betakes her to her lonely bed,
And there bewails her everlaſting widow-head.

4.

So when my ſoul had progreſs'd ev'ry place
That love and dear affection could contrive,
I threw me on my couch, reſolv'd t'embrace
A death for him in whom I ceas'd to live:
But there injurious Hymen did preſent
His landſcape joys; my pickled eyes did vent
Full ſtreams of briny tears, tears never to be ſpent.

5.

Whilſt thus my ſorrow-waſting ſoul was feeding
Upon the rad'cal humour of her thought, [ing,
Ev'n whilſt mine eyes were blind, and heart was bleed-
He that was ſought, unfound, was found, unſought:
As if the ſun ſhould dart his orb of light
Into the ſecrets of the black-brow'd night:
Ev'n ſo appear'd my love, my ſole, my ſoul's, delight.

6.

O how mine eyes, now raviſh'd at the ſight
Of my bright ſun, ſhot flames of equal fire!
Ah! how my ſoul diſſolv'd with o'er-delight,
To re-enjoy the crown of chaſte deſire!
How ſov'reign joy depos'd and diſpoſſeſs'd
Rebellious grief! and how my raviſh'd breaſt——
But who can 'xpreſs thoſe heights, that cannot be ex-
[preſs'd!

7.

O how theſe arms, theſe greedy arms did twine
And ſtrongly twiſt about his yielding waiſt!
The ſappy branches of the Theſpian vine
Ne'er cling their leſs beloved elm ſo faſt.
Boaſt not thy flames, blind boy, thy feather'd ſhot;
Let Hymen's eaſy ſnarls be quite forgot: [knot.
Time cannot quench our fires, nor death diſſolve our

ORIG. Hom. x. in diverſ.

O moſt holy Lord, and ſweeteſt maſter, how good art thou to thoſe that are of upright heart, and humble ſpirit! O how bleſſed are they that ſeek thee with a ſimple heart! how happy, that truſt in thee! It is a moſt certain truth, that thou loveſt all that love thee, and never forſakeſt thoſe that truſt in thee: for behold thy love ſimply ſought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: ſhe truſted in thee, and is not forſaken of thee; but hath obtained more by thee, than ſhe expected from thee.

BEDA in Cap. iii. Cant.

The longer I was in finding whom I ſought, the more earneſtly I beheld him being found.

EPIG. 12.

What! found him out? let ſtrong embraces bind him;
He'll fly, perchance, where tears can never find him:
New ſins will loſe what old repentance gains.
Wiſdom not only gets, but, got, retains.

XIII.

Psalm lxxiii. 28.

It is good for me to draw near to God, I have put my truſt in the Lord God.

WHere is that good, which wiſe men pleaſe to call
The chiefeſt? doth there any ſuch befall
Within man's reach? or is there ſuch a good at all?

If ſuch there be, it neither muſt expire,
Nor change; than which there can be nothing high'r:
Such good muſt be the utter point of man's deſire.

It is the mark, to which all hearts muſt tend;
Can be deſired for no other end,
Than for itſelf, on which all other goods depend.

What may this exc'lence be? doth it ſubſiſt
A real eſſence clouded in the miſt
Of curious art, or clear to ev'ry eye that liſt?

Or is't a tart idea, to procure
An edge, and keep the practic ſoul in ure*, [ture‡?
Like that dear chymic duſt †, or puzzling quadra-

Where ſhall I ſeek this good; where ſhall I find
This cath'lic pleaſure, whoſe extremes may bind
My thoughts, and fill the gulf of my inſatiate mind?

Lies it in treaſure? in full heaps untold?
Doth gouty Mammon's griping hand infold
This ſecret ſaint in ſacred ſhrines of ſov'reign gold?

* *Ure*; i. e. exerciſe. † *Chymic* duſt; i. e. the philoſopher's ſtone, ſuppoſed to turn all metals to gold. ‡ *Puzzling quadrature*; i. e. ſquaring the circle.

No,

B. IV. *Emb.* 13.

Pfalm 73. 28.

To my Soul's Lord have I at length drawn near,
With him my Anchors ledgid; I need not fear.

UNIV. OF MICH.

No, no, ſhe lies not there; wealth often ſours
In keeping; makes us hers, in ſeeming ours;
She ſlides from heav'n indeed, but not in Danae's ſhow'rs.

Lives ſhe in honor? No. The royal crown
Builds up a creature, and then batters down:
Kings raiſe thee with a ſmile, and raze thee with a frown.

In pleaſure? No. Pleaſure begins in rage;
Acts the fool's part on earth's uncertain ſtage;
Begins the play in youth, and epilogues in age.

Theſe, theſe are baſtard goods; the beſt of theſe
Torment the ſoul with pleaſing it; and pleaſe,
Like waters gulp'd in fevers, with deceitful eaſe.

Earth's flatt'ring dainties are but ſweet diſtreſſes:
Mole-hills perform the mountains ſhe profeſſes;
Alas! can earth confer more good than earth poſſeſſes?

Mount, mount, my ſoul, and let my thoughts caſhier
Earth's vain delights, and make thy full career
At heav'n's eternal joys; ſtop, ſtop, thy courſer there.

There ſhall thy ſoul poſſeſs unearefu treaſure,
There ſhalt thou ſwim in never-fading pleaſure;
And blaze in honor far above the frowns of Cæſar.

Lord, if my hope dare let her anchor fall
On thee, the chiefeſt good, no need to call
For earth's inferior traſh: thou, thou art all in all!

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xiii.

I follow this thing, I purſue that, but I am filled with nothing. But when I found thee, who art that immutable, individed, and only good in thyſelf, what I obtained, I wanted not; for what I obtained not, I grieved not; with what I was poſſeſt, my whole deſire was ſatisfied.

S. BERN. Ser. ix. ſup. Beati qui habent, &c.

Let others pretend merit; let him brag of the burden of the day; let him boaſt of his ſabbath faſts, and let him glory that he is not as other men: but for me, it is good to cleave unto the Lord, and to put my truſt in my Lord God.

EPIG. 13.

Let Boreas' blaſts and Neptune's waves be join'd,
Thy Æolus commands the waves, the wind:
Fear not the rocks, or world's imperious waves;
Thou climb'ſt a Rock, my ſoul, a Rock that ſaves.

XIV.

Canticles ii. 3.

I ſat under his ſhadow with great delight, and his fruit was ſweet to my taſte.

1.

LOOK how the ſheep, whoſe rambling ſteps do ſtray
From the ſafe bleſſing of her ſhepherd's eyes,
Eftſoon * becomes the unprotected prey
To the wing'd ſquadron of beleag'ring flies;
Where, ſwelter'd with the ſcorching beams of day,
She friſks from buſh to brake, and wildly flies away
From her own ſelf, ev'n of herſelf afraid;
She ſhrouds her troubled brows in ev'ry glade,
And craves the mercy of the ſoft removing ſhade.

2.

Ev'n ſo my wand'ring ſoul, that hath digreſs'd
From her great Shepherd, is the hourly prey
Of all my ſins; theſe vultures in my breaſt
Gripe my Promothean heart; both night and day
I hunt from place to place, but find no reſt;
I know not where to go, nor where to ſtay;
The eye of vengeance burns, her flames invade
My ſwelt'ring ſoul: my ſoul hath oft aſſay'd,
Yet ſhe can find no ſhroud †, yet can ſhe feel no ſhade!

* *Eftſoon*; i. e. preſently.
† *Shroud*; i. e. covering.

3.

I ſought the ſhades of mirth, to wear away
My ſlow-pace'd hours of ſoul-conſuming grief;
I ſearch'd the ſhades of ſleep, to eaſe my day
Of griping ſorrows with a night's reprieve.
I ſought the ſhades of death; thought there t'allay
My final torments with a full relief:
But mirth, nor ſleep, nor death, can hide my hours
In the falſe ſhades of their deceitful bow'rs;
The firſt diſtracts, the next diſturbs, the laſt devours.

4.

Where ſhall I turn? to whom ſhall I apply me?
Are there no ſtreams where a faint ſoul may wade?
Thy Godhead, Jesus, are the flames that fry me;
Hath thy all-glorious Deity ne'er a ſhade,
Where I may ſit, and vengeance never eye me;
Where I might ſit refreſh'd or unafraid?
Is there no comfort? is there no refection *?
Is there no cover that will give protection
T'a fainting ſoul, the ſubject of thy wrath's reflection?

5.

Look up, my ſoul, advance the lowly ſtature
Of thy ſad thoughts; advance thy humble eye:
See, here's a ſhadow found: the human nature
Is made th' umbrella to the Deity,
To catch the ſun-beams of thy juſt Creator:
Beneath this covert thou may'ſt ſafely lie:
Permit thine eyes to climb this fruitful tree,
As quick Zaccheus did, and thou ſhalt ſee
A cloud of dying fleſh betwixt thoſe beams and thee.

* *Refection*; i. e. refreſhment.

GUIL.

B. IV. *Emb.* 14.

Cant. 2. 3.

Beneath his Shade I took my sweet Repast,
And Fruits rich flavour'd gratified my Taste.

UNIV. OF

GUIL. in Cap. ii. Cant.

Who can endure the fierce rays of the Sun of juſtice? who ſhall not be conſumed by his beams? Therefore the Sun of juſtice took fleſh, that, through the conjunction of that Sun and this human body, a ſhadow may be made.

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xxxiv.

Lord, let my ſoul be free from the ſcorching thoughts of the world, under the covert of thy wings, that, being refreſhed by the moderation of thy ſhadow, ſhe may ſing merrily. In peace will I lay me down and reſt.

EPIG. 14.

Ah! treach'rous ſoul, would not thy pleaſures give
That Lord, which made thee living, leave to live?
See what thy ſins have done: thy ſins have made
The Sun of glory now become thy ſhade.

XV.

Psalm cxxxvii. 4.

How ſhall we ſing the ſong of the Lord in a ſtrange land?

URGE me no more: this airy mirth belongs
To better times: theſe times are not for ſongs.
The ſprightly twang of the melodious lute
Agrees not with my voice: and both unſuit
My untune'd * fortunes: the affected meaſure
Of ſtrains, that are conſtrain'd, afford no pleaſure.
Muſic's the child of mirth; where griefs aſſail
The troubled ſoul, both voice and fingers fail:
Let ſuch as revel out their laviſh days
In honourable riot; that can raiſe
Dejected hearts, and conjure up a ſp'rit
Of madneſs by the magic of delight;
Let thoſe of Cupid's hoſpital, that lie
Impatient patients to a ſmiling eye,
That cannot reſt, until vain hope beguile
Their flatter'd torment with a wanton ſmile:
Let ſuch redeem their peace, and ſalve the wrongs
Of froward fortune with their frolick ſongs:
My grief, my grief's too great for ſmiling eyes
To cure, or counter-charms to exorciſe.
The raven's diſmal croaks, the midnight howls
Of empty wolves mix'd with the ſcreech of owls,
The nine ſad knolls of a dull paſſing bell,
With the loud language of a nightly knell,

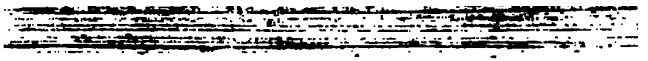
* *Untune'd fortunes*; i. e. ſorrowful circumſtances.

And

B.IV. *Emb.* 15.

Pſalm 137. 4.

How ſhall we here repeat the glorious Song!
To other Lands ſuch ſacred Themes belong.



And horrid outcries of revenged crimes,
Join'd in a medley's muſic for theſe times;
Theſe are no times to touch the merry ſtring
Of Orpheus; no, theſe are no times to ſing.
Can hide-bound pris'ners, that have ſpent their ſouls
And famiſh'd bodies in the noiſome holes
Of hell-black dungeons, apt * their rougher throats,
Grown hoarſe with begging alms, to warble notes?
Can the ſad pilgrim, that hath loſt his way
In the vaſt deſert; there condemn'd a prey
To the wild ſubject, or his ſavage king;
Rouſe up his palſy-ſmitten ſp'rits, and ſing?
Can I a pilgrim, and a pris'ner too,
Alas! where I am neither known, nor know
Aught but my torments, an unranſom'd ſtranger
In this ſtrange climate, in a land of danger?
O, can my voice be pleaſant, or my hand,
Thus made a pris'ner to a foreign land?
How can my muſic reliſh in your ears,
That cannot ſpeak for ſobs, nor ſing for tears?
Ah! if my voice could, Orpheus-like, unſpell
My poor Eurydice, my ſoul, from hell
Of earth's miſconſtru'd heav'n, O then my breaſt
Should warble airs, whoſe rhapſodies ſhould feaſt
The ears of ſeraphims, and entertain
Heav'n's higheſt Deity with their lofty ſtrain;
A ſtrain well drench'd in the true Theſpian well:
Till then, earth's ſemiquaver †, wealth, farewell.

* *Apt*; i. e. adapt, or fit.
† *Semiquaver*; a time in muſic.

S. AU-

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xxxiii.

O infinitely happy are thoſe heavenly virtues, which are able to praiſe thee in holineſs and purity with exceſſive ſweetneſs, and unutterable exaltation! From thence they praiſe thee, from whence they rejoice, becauſe they continually ſee for what they rejoice, for what they praiſe thee: but we, preſs'd down with this burden of fleſh, far removed from thy countenance in this pilgrimage, and blown up with worldly vanities, cannot worthily praiſe thee: we praiſe thee by faith, not face to face; but thoſe angelical ſpirits praiſe thee face to face, and not by faith.

EPIG. 15.

Did I refuſe to ſing? Said I, theſe times
Were not for ſongs; nor muſic for theſe climes?
It was my error: are not groans and tears
Harmonious raptures in th' Almighty's ears?

THE

B.V. *Emb.* 1.

Cant. 5. 8.

Daughters of Judah, who my Flame approve,
Tell my Beloved I am sick of Love.

UNIV. OF MICH.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

I.

Canticles v. 8.

I charge you, O daughters of Jeruſalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I am ſick of love.

1.

YOU holy virgins, that ſo oft ſurround
The city's ſapphire walls; whoſe ſnowy feet
Meaſure the pearly paths of ſacred ground,
And trace the new Jeruſ'lem's jaſper ſtreet;
Ah! you whoſe care-forſaken hearts are crown'd
With your beſt wiſhes; that enjoy the ſweet
Of all your hopes; if e'er you chance to ſpy
My abſent Love, O tell him that I lie [eye.
Deep-wounded with the flames that furnace'd from his

2.

I charge you, virgins, as you hope to hear
The heav'nly muſic of your Lover's voice;
I charge you, by the ſolemn faith you bear
To plighted vows, and to that loyal choice
Of your affections, or, if aught more dear
You hold; by Hymen, by your marriage joys;
I charge you, tell him, that a flaming dart,
Shot from his eye, hath pierce'd my bleeding heart,
And I am ſick of love, and languiſh in my ſmart.

3.

Tell him, O tell him, how my panting breaſt
Is ſcorch'd with flames, and how my ſoul is pine'd;
Tell him, O tell him, how I lie oppreſt
With the full torment of a troubled mind;
O tell him, tell him, that he loves in jeſt,
But I in earneſt; tell him he's unkind:
But if a diſcontented frown appears
Upon his angry brow, accoſt his ears
With ſoft and fewer words, and act the reſt in tears.

4.

O tell him, that his cruelties deprive
My ſoul of peace, while peace in vain ſhe ſeeks;
Tell him, thoſe damaſk roſes that did ſtrive
With white, both fade upon my ſallow cheeks;
Tell him, no token doth proclaim I live,
But tears, and ſighs, and ſobs, and ſudden ſhrieks;
Thus if your piercing words ſhould chance to bore
His heark'ning ear, and move a ſigh, give o'er
To ſpeak; and tell him, tell him, that I could no more.

5.

If your elegious * breath ſhould hap' to rouſe
A happy tear, cloſe harb'ring in his eye,
Then urge his plighted faith, the ſacred vows,
Which neither I can break, nor he deny;
Bewail the torment of his loyal ſpouſe,
That for his ſake would make a ſport to die:
O bleſſed virgins, how my paſſion tires
Beneath the burden of her fond deſires! [fires!
Heav'n never ſhot ſuch flames, earth never felt ſuch

* *Elegious*; i. e. plaintive or complaining.

S. AU-

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xl.

What ſhall I ſay? what ſhall I do? whither ſhall I go? where ſhall I ſeek him? or when ſhall I find him? whom ſhall I aſk? who will tell my Beloved, that I am ſick of love?

GULIEL. in Cap. v. Cant.

I live, but not I: it is my Beloved that liveth in me: I love myſelf, not with my own love, but with the love of my Beloved that loveth me: I love not myſelf in myſelf, but myſelf in him, and him in me.

EPIG. I.

Grieve not, my ſoul, nor let thy love wax faint:
Weep'ſt thou to loſe the cauſe of thy complaint?
He'll come; love ne'er was bound to times nor laws:
Till then, thy tears complain without a cauſe.

II.

Canticles ii. 5.

Stay me with flowers, and comfort me with apples; for I am ſick of love.*

1.

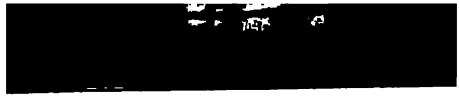
O Tyrant love! how doth thy ſov'reign pow'r
Subject poor ſouls to thy imperious thrall!
They ſay, thy cup's compos'd of ſweet and ſour;
They ſay, thy diet's honey mix'd with gall;
How comes it then to paſs, theſe lips of ours
Still trade in bitter; taſte no ſweet at all?
O tyrant love! ſhall our perpetual toil
Ne'er find a ſabbath to refreſh a while [ſmile?
Our drooping ſouls? art thou all frowns, and ne'er a

2.

You bleſſed maids of honour, that frequent
The royal courts of our renown'd Jehove,
With flow'rs reſtore my ſpirits faint and ſpent;
O fetch me apples from love's fruitful grove,
To cool my palate, and renew my ſcent,
For I am ſick, for I am ſick of love:
Theſe will revive my dry, my waſted pow'rs,
And they will ſweeten my unſav'ry hours;
Refreſh me then with fruit, and comfort me with
[flow'rs.

* The word, in our modern bibles, is *flaggons*.

O bring



B.V. *Emb.* 2.

Cant: 2.5.

Give me the Flow'rs, the Fruits, the cooling Bowl,
To stay the burning Fervour of my Soul.

3.

O bring me apples to aſſwage that fire,
Which, Ætna-like, inflames my flaming breaſt;
Nor is it ev'ry apple I deſire,
Nor that which pleaſes ev'ry palate beſt:
'Tis not the laſting deuzan * I require,
Nor yet the red-cheek'd queening * I requeſt:
Nor that which firſt beſhrew'd † the name of wife,
Nor that whoſe beauty caus'd the golden ſtrife;
No, no, bring me an apple from the tree of life.

4.

Virgins, tuck up your ſilken laps, and fill ye
With the fair wealth of Flora's magazine;
The purple violet, and the pale-face'd lily:
The panſy and the organ colombine;
The flow'ring thyme, the gilt-bowl daffodilly;
The lowly pink, the lofty eglantine:
The bluſhing roſe, the queen of flow'rs, and beſt
Of Flora's beauty; but, above the reſt,
Let Jeſſe's ‡ ſov'reign flow'r perfume my qualming breaſt.

5.

Haſte, virgins, haſte, for I lie weak, and faint
Beneath the pangs of love; why ſtand ye mute,
As if your ſilence neither care'd to grant,
Nor yet your language to deny my ſuit?
No key can lock the door of my complaint,
Until I ſmell this flow'r, or taſte that fruit.
Go, virgins, ſeek this tree, and ſearch that bow'r;
O how my ſoul ſhall bleſs that happy hour,
That brings to me ſuch fruit, that brings me ſuch a flow'r!

* *Deuzan, queening*; names of different ſorts of apples.
† *Beſhrew'd*, i. e. curſed.
‡ *Jeſſe*; alluding to Chriſt, the Son of *Jeſſe*.

EN. in Cap. ii. Cant. Expoſ. 3.

kneſs, where the infirmity is not to death, at God may be glorified by it! O happy fever, that ceedeth not from a conſuming, but a calcining fire! happy diſtemper, wherein the ſoul reliſheth no earthly things, but only ſavoureth divine nouriſhment!

S. BERN. S[illegible]. in Cant.

By flowers, underſtand faith; by fruit, good works: As the flower or bloſſom is before the fruit, ſo is faith before good works: ſo neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.

EPIG. 2.

Why apples, O my ſoul? can they remove
The pains of grief, or eaſe the flames of love?
It was that fruit which gave the firſt offence:
That ſent him hither; that remov'd him hence.

III.

Canticles ii. 16.

My beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies.

1.

EV'N like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That waſh the pebbles with their wanton ſtreams,
And having range'd and ſearch'd a thouſand nooks,
Meet both at length in ſilver-breaſted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoin:
So I my beſt beloved's am, ſo he is mine.

2.

Ev'n ſo we met; and, after long purſuit,
Ev'n ſo we join'd, we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a ſuit,
For I was flax, and he was flames of fire.
Our firm united ſouls did more than twine:
So I my beſt beloved's am; ſo he is mine.

3.

If all thoſe glitt'ring monarchs that command
The ſervile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their ſhares of land,
I would not change my fortunes * for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin;
The world's but theirs: but my Beloved's mine.

* All copies read it, *fortunes*.

4.

Nay, more; if the fair Theſpian ladies all
Should heap together their diviner treaſure,
That treaſure ſhould be deem'd a price too ſmall
To buy a minute's leaſe of half my pleaſure;
'Tis not the ſacred wealth of all the Nine
Can buy my heart from him, or his from being mine.

5.

Nor time, nor place, nor chance *, nor death can bow
My leaſt deſires unto the leaſt remove:
He's firmly mine, by oath; I his, by vow:
He's mine, by faith; and I am his, by love:
He's mine, by water; I am his, by wine:
Thus I my beſt beloved's am; thus he is mine.

6.

He is mine altar; I, his holy place:
I am his gueſt; and he my living food:
I'm his, by penitence; he mine, by grace:
I'm his, by purchaſe; he is mine, by blood:
He's my ſupporting elm; and I his vine:
Thus I my beſt beloved's am; thus he is mine.

7.

He gives me wealth; I give him all my vows:
I give him ſongs; he gives me length of days:
With wreaths of grace he crowns my conqu'ring brows;
And I his temples with a crown of praiſe,
Which he accepts: an everlaſting ſign,
That I my beſt beloved's am; that he is mine.

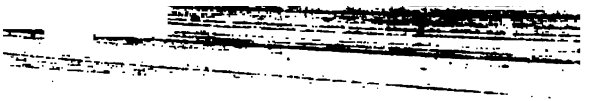
* In all editions, the author's word is *chance*.

S. AU-

B. V. *Emb.* 3.

Cant: 2. 16.

Among the Lilies feeds my Spouse divine:
I am his own, and my Beloved's mine.



S. AUGUST. Manu. Cap. xxiv.

O my ſoul, ſtamp'd with the image of thy God, love him, of whom thou art ſo much beloved: bend to him, that bendeth to thee; ſeek him, that ſeeketh thee: love the lover, by whoſe love thou art prevented; begin the cauſe of thy love; be careful with thoſe that are careful, want with thoſe that want; be clean with the clean, and holy with the holy: chuſe this friend above all friends, who, when all are taken away, remaineth only faithful to thee: in the day of thy burial, when all leave thee, he will not deceive thee, but defend thee from the roaring lions prepared for their prey.

EPIG. 3.

Sing, Hymen, to my ſoul: what, loſt and found?
Welcome'd, eſpous'd, enjoy'd ſo ſoon, and crown'd!
He did but climb the croſs, and then came down
To th' gates of hell; triumph'd, and fetch'd a crown.

IV.

Canticles vii. 10.

I am my beloved's, and his deſire is towards me.

1.

LIKE to the arctic needle, that doth guide
The wand'ring ſhade by his magnetic pow'r,
And leaves his ſilken gnomon to decide
The queſtion of the controverted hour,
Firſt frantics up and down from ſide to ſide,
And, reſtleſs, beats his cryſtal'd iv'ry caſe,
With vain impatience jets * from place to place,
And ſeeks the boſom of his frozen bride,
At length he ſlacks his motion, and doth reſt
His trembling point at his bright pole's beloved breaſt.

2.

Ev'n ſo my ſoul, being hurry'd here and there,
By ev'ry object that preſents delight,
Fain would be ſettled, but ſhe knows not where;
She likes at morning what ſhe loathes at night:
She bows to honor; then ſhe lends an ear
To that ſweet ſwan-like voice of dying pleaſure,
Then tumbles in the ſcatter'd heaps of treaſure;
Now flatter'd with falſe hope; now foil'd with fear:
Thus finding all the world's delight to be
But empty toys, good God! ſhe points alone to thee.

3.

But hath the virtue'd † ſteel a pow'r to move?
Or can the untouch'd needle point aright?
Or can my wand'ring thoughts forbear to rove,
Unguided by the virtue of thy Sp'rit?

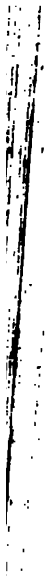
* *Jets*; i. e. hops as a bird. † *Virtue'd ſteel*; i. e. the mariner's needle.

O hath

B.V. *Emb.* 4

Cant: 7.10.

To my Beloved is my Hearts desire,
And in his Breast my Love I still inspire.



O hath my leaden ſoul the art t' improve
Her waſted talent, and, unrais'd, aſpire
In this ſad moulting time of her deſire?
Not firſt belov'd, have I the pow'r to love;
I cannot ſtir, but as thou pleaſe to move me;
Nor can my heart return thee love, until thou love me.

4.

The ſtill commandreſs of the ſilent night
Borrows her beams from her bright brother's eye:
His fair aſpect fills her ſharp horns with light;
If he withdraw, her flames are quench'd and die:
Ev'n ſo the beams of thy enlight'ning Sp'rit,
Infus'd and ſhot into my dark deſire.
Inflame my thoughts, and fill my ſoul with fire,
That I am raviſh'd with a new delight;
By if thou ſhroud * thy face, my glory fades,
And I remain a nothing, all compos'd of ſhades.

5.

Eternal God! O thou that only art
The ſacred fountain of eternal light,
And bleſſed loadſtone of my better part,
O thou, my heart's deſire, my ſoul's delight!
Reflect upon my ſoul, and touch my heart,
And then my heart ſhall prize no good above thee;
And then my ſoul ſhall know thee; knowing, love
And then my trembling thoughts ſhall never ſtart [thee;
From thy commands, or ſwerve the leaſt degree,
Or once preſume to move, but as they move in thee.

* *Shroud*; i. e. hide.

S. AU-

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. iv.

If man can love man with ſo intire affection, that the one can ſcarce brook the other's abſence; if a bride can be joined to her bridegroom with ſo great an ardency of mind, that, for the extremity of love, ſhe can enjoy no reſt, nor ſuffer his abſence without great anxiety; with what affection, with what fervency, ought the ſoul, whom thou haſt eſpouſed by faith and compaſſion, to love thee her true God, and glorious bridegroom!

EPIG. 4.

My ſoul, thy love is dear: 'twas thought a good
And eaſy pen'worth of thy Saviour's blood:
But be not proud; all matters rightly ſcann'd,
'Twas over-bought: 'twas ſold at ſecond-hand.

B V. *Emb.* 5.

Cant: 5. 6.

As from his Lips these fervent Accents broke,
Melted my Heart while my Beloved spoke.

V.

CANTICLES v. 6.

My ſoul melted whilſt my beloved ſpake.

LORD, has the feeble voice of fleſh and blood
The pow'r to work thine ears into a flood
Of melted mercy? or the ſtrength t' unlock
The gates of heav'n, and to diſſolve a rock
Of marble clouds into a morning ſhow'r?
Or hath the breath of whining duſt the pow'r
To ſtop or ſnatch a falling thunderbolt
From thy fierce hand, and make thy hand revolt
From reſolute confuſion, and, inſtead
Of vials, pour full bleſſings on our head?
Or ſhall the wants of famiſh'd ravens cry,
And move thy mercy to a quick ſupply?
Or ſhall the ſilent ſuits of drooping flow'rs
Woo thee for drops, and be refreſh'd with ſhow'rs?
Alas! what marvel then, great God, what wonder,
If thy hell-rouſing voice, that ſplits in ſunder
The braſen portals of eternal death;
What wonder if that life-reſtoring breath
Which dragg'd me from th' infernal ſhades of night,
Should melt my raviſh'd ſoul with o'er-delight?
O can my frozen gutters chooſe but run,
That feel the warmth of ſuch a glorious ſun?
Methinks his language, like a flaming arrow,
Doth pierce my bones, and melts their wounded mar-
[row.

Thy flames, O Cupid (though the joyful heart
Feels neither tang of grief, nor fears the ſmart
Of jealous doubts, but drunk with full deſires),
Are torments, weigh'd with theſe celeſtial fires;
Pleaſures that raviſh in ſo high a meaſure,
That O I languiſh in exceſs of pleaſure:
What raviſh'd heart, that feels theſe melting joys,
Would not deſpiſe and loathe the treach'rous toys
Of dunghill earth? what ſoul would not be proud
Of wry-mouth'd ſcorns, the worſt that fleſh and blood
Had rancour to deviſe? who would not bear
The world's deriſion with a thankful ear?
What palate would refuſe full bowls of ſpite,
To gain a minute's taſte of ſuch delight?
Great ſpring of light, in whom there is no ſhade,
But what my interpoſed ſins have made;
Whoſe marrow-melting fires admit no ſcreen
But what my own rebellions put between
Their precious flames and my obdurate ear;
Diſperſe this plague-diſtilling cloud, and clear
My mungy ſoul into a glorious day:
Tranſplant this ſcreen, remove this bar away
Then, then my fluent ſoul ſhall feel the fires
Of thy ſweet voice, and my diſſolv'd deſires
Shall turn a ſov'reign balſam, to make whole
Thoſe wounds my ſins inflicted on thy ſoul.

S. AU-

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xxxiv.

What fire is this, that ſo warmeth my heart? What light is this, that ſo enlighteneth my ſoul? O fire, that always burneth, and never goeth out, kindle me: O light, which ever ſhineth, and art never darkened, illuminate me. O that I had my heat from thee, moſt holy fire! How ſweetly doſt thou burn! how ſecretly doſt thou ſhine! how deſiredly doſt thou inflame me!

S. BONAVENT. Stim. Amoris, Cap. viii.

It maketh God man, and man God; things temporal, eternal; mortal, immortal; it maketh an enemy, a friend; a ſervant, a ſon; vile things, glorious; cold hearts, fiery; and hard things, liquid.

EPIG. 5.

My ſoul, thy gold is true, but full of droſs;
Thy Saviour's breath refines thee with ſome loſs:
His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true;
Thou muſt be melted ere th' art caſt anew.

VI.

PSALM lxxiii. 25.

Whom have I in heaven but thee; and what desire I on earth in respect of thee?

1.

I LOVE (and have some cause to love) the earth:
She is my Maker's creature; therefore good:
She is my mother, for she gave me birth:
She is my tender nurse; she gives me food:
But what's a creature, Lord, compare'd with thee?
Or what's my mother, or my nurse, to me?

2.

I love the air; her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouth'd choirs sustain me with their flesh,
And with their Polyphonian * notes delight me:
But what's the air, or all the sweets, that she
Can bless my soul withal, compare'd to thee?

3.

I love the sea; she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor †; she provides me store:
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
But, Lord of oceans, when compare'd with thee,
What is the ocean, or her wealth, to me?

* *Polyphonian*; i. e. many-sounding.
† *Purveyor*; i. e. provider.

To

B.V. Etat. 6.

Psalm. 73. 25.

Lord, whom have I but Thee in Heav'n above?
Or who on Earth but Thee deserves my Love?

4.

To heav'n's high city I direct my journey,
Whoſe ſpangled ſuburbs entertain my eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Tranſcends the cryſtal pavement of the ſky:
But what is heav'n, great God, compare'd to thee?
Without thy preſence, heav'n's no heav'n to me.

5.

Without thy preſence, earth gives no refection *;
Without thy preſence, ſea affords no treaſure;
Without thy preſence, air's a rank infection;
Without thy preſence, heav'n itſelf's no pleaſure:
If not poſſeſs'd, if not enjoy'd in thee,
What's earth, or ſea, or air, or heav'n, to me?

6.

The higheſt honors that the world can boaſt
Are ſubjects far too low for my deſire;
Its brighteſt beams of glory are (at moſt)
But dying ſparkles of thy living fire:
The proudeſt flames, that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glow-worms, if compare'd to thee.

7.

Without thy preſence, wealth are bags of cares:
Wiſdom, but folly: joy; diſquiet, ſadneſs:
Friendſhip is treaſon; and delights are ſnares:
Pleaſures, but pain; and mirth, but pleaſing madneſs:
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have their being, when compare'd with thee.

8.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labors got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?
I wiſh nor ſea, nor land; nor would I be
Poſſeſt of heav'n, heav'n unpoſſeſt of thee.

* *Refection*; i. e. refreſhment.

BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. i.

Alas! my God, now I underſtand (but bluſh to confeſs), that the beauty of thy creatures hath deceived mine eyes, and I have not obſerved that thou art more amiable than all the creatures; to which thou haſt communicated but one drop of thy ineſtimable beauty: for who hath adorned the heavens with ſtars? who hath ſtored the air with fowl, the waters with fiſh, the earth with plants and flowers? But what are all theſe, but a ſmall ſpark of divine beauty!

S. CHRYS. Hom. v. in Ep. ad Rom.

In having nothing, I have all things; becauſe I have Chriſt. Having therefore all things in him, I ſeek no other reward; for he is the univerſal reward.

EPIG. 6.

Who would not throw his better thoughts about him,
And ſcorn this droſs within him; that, without him?
Caſt up, my ſoul, thy clearer eye; behold,
If thou be fully melted, there's the mould.

VII.

Psalm cxx. 5.

Woe is me, that I remain in Meſech, and dwell in the tents of Kedar!

IS nature's courſe diſſolv'd? doth time's glaſs ſtand?
Or hath ſome frolick heart ſet back the hand
Of fate's perpetual clock? will 't never ſtrike?
Is crazy time grown lazy, faint, or ſick,
With very age? or hath that great pair-royal
Of adamantine ſiſters late made trial
Of ſome new trade? Shall mortal hearts grow old
In ſorrow? Shall my weary arms infold
And underprop my panting ſides for ever?
Is there no charitable hand will ſever
My well-ſpun thread, that my impriſon'd ſoul
May be deliver'd from this dull, dark hole
Of dungeon fleſh? O ſhall I, ſhall I never
Be ranſom'd, but remain a ſlave for ever?
It is the lot of man but once to die;
But, ere that death, how many deaths have I!
What human madneſs makes the world afraid
To entertain heav'n's joys, becauſe convey'd
By th' hand of death? will nakedneſs refuſe
Rich change of robes, becauſe the man's not ſpruce
That brought them? or will poverty ſend back
Full bags of gold, becauſe the bringer's black?
Life is a bubble, blown with whining breaths,
Fill'd with the torment of a thouſand deaths;
Which, being prick'd by death (which death deprives
One life), preſents the ſoul a thouſand lives:

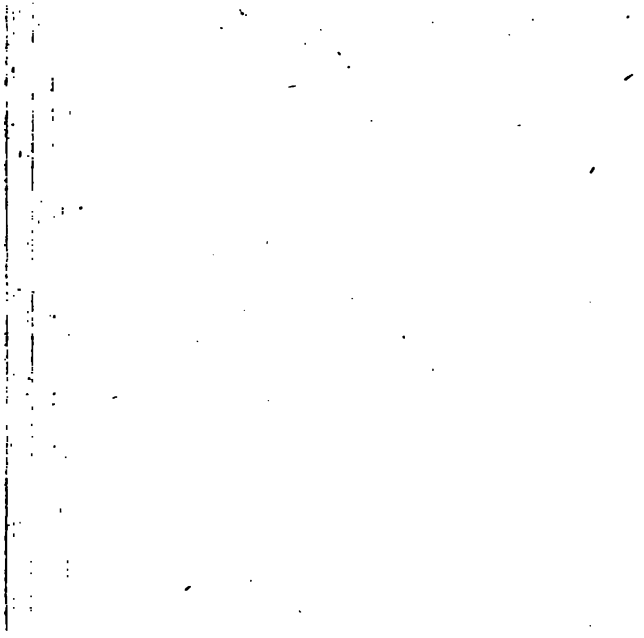
O frantick mortal, how hath earth bewitch'd
Thy bedlam ſoul, which hath ſo fondly pitch'd
Upon her falſe delights! delights that ceaſe
Before enjoyment finds a time to pleaſe:
Her fickle joys breed doubtful fears; her fears
Bring hopeful griefs; her griefs weep fearful tears:
Tears coin deceitful hopes; hopes, careful doubt,
And ſurly paſſion joſtles paſſion out:
To-day we pamper with a full repaſt
Of laviſh mirth; at night, we weep as faſt:
To-night, we ſwim in wealth, and lend; to-morrow,
We ſink in want, and find no friend to borrow.
In what a climate doth my ſoul reſide!
Where pale-face'd murder, the firſt-born of pride,
Sets up her kingdom in the very ſmiles,
And plighted faiths, of men like crocodiles:
A land, where each embroider'd ſattin word
Is line'd with fraud; where Mars his lawleſs ſword
Exiles Aſtræa's balance; where that hand
Now ſlays his brother, that new-ſow'd his land:
O that my days of bondage would expire
In this lewd ſoil! Lord, how my ſoul's on fire
To be diſſolv'd, that I might once obtain
Thoſe long'd-for joys, long'd for ſo oft in vain!
If, Moſes-like, I may not live poſſeſt
Of this fair land; Lord, let me ſee't at leaſt.

S. AU-

B. V. *Emb. 7.*

Psalm 120. 5.

My Lot in Meseck's dreary Land has fell,
And in the Tents of Kedar I must dwell.

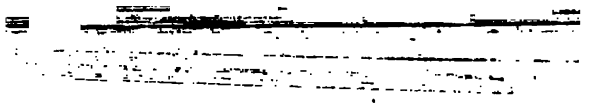


S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xii.

My life is a frail life; a corruptible life; a life, which, the more it increaſeth, the more it decreaſeth: the farther it goeth, the nearer it cometh to death. A deceitful life, and, like a ſhadow, full of the ſnares of death: now I rejoice, now I languiſh, now I flouriſh, now infirm, now I live, and ſtrait I die; now I ſeem happy, always miſerable; now I laugh; now I weep: thus all things are ſo ſubject to mutability, that nothing continueth an hour in one eſtate. O joy above joy, exceeding all joy, without which there is no joy! when ſhall I enter into thee, that I may ſee my God that dwelleth in thee?

EPIG. 7.

Art thou ſo weak? O canſt thou not digeſt
An hour of travail for a night of reſt?
Chear up, my ſoul; call home thy ſp'rits, and bear
One bad Good-Friday; full-mouth'd Eaſter's near.



S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xii.

My life is a frail life; a corruptible life; a life, which, the more it increaſeth, the more it decreaſeth: the farther it goeth, the nearer it cometh to death. A deceitful life, and, like a ſhadow, full of the ſnares of death: now I rejoice, now I languiſh, now I flouriſh, now infirm, now I live, and ſtrait I die; now I ſeem happy, always miſerable; now I laugh; now I weep: thus all things are ſo ſubject to mutability, that nothing continueth an hour in one eſtate. O joy above joy, exceeding all joy, without which there is no joy! when ſhall I enter into thee, that I may ſee my God that dwelleth in thee?

EPIG. 7.

Art thou ſo weak? O canſt thou not digeſt
An hour of travail for a night of reſt?
Chear up, my ſoul; call home thy ſp'rits, and bear
One bad Good-Friday; full-mouth'd Eaſter's near.

VIII.

Rom. vii. 24.

O wretched man that I am! who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death?

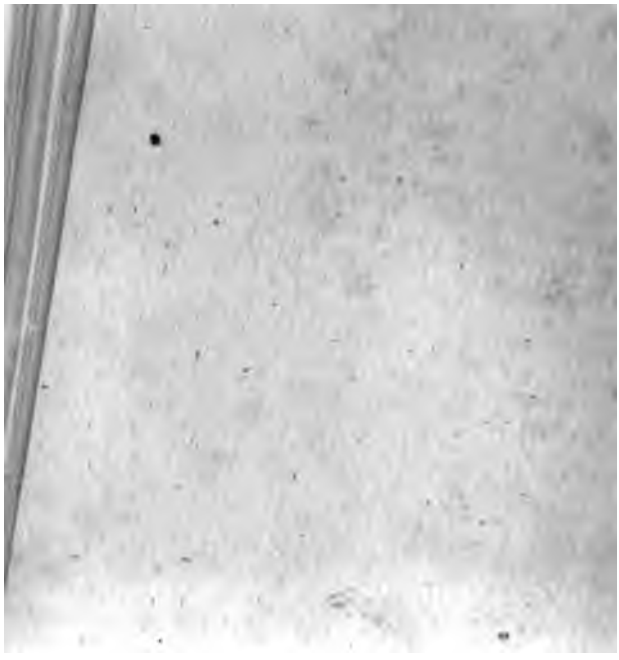
BEhold thy darling, which thy luſtfull care
Pampers, for which thy reſtleſs thoughts prepare
Such early cares; for whom thy bubbling brow
So often ſweats, and bankrupt eyes do owe
Such midnight ſcores to nature, for whoſe ſake
Baſe earth is fainted, the infernal lake
Unfear'd, the crown of glory poorly rated:
Thy God neglected, and thy brother hated;
Behold thy darling, whom thy ſoul affects
So dearly; whom thy fond indulgence decks
And puppets up in ſoft, in ſilken weeds:
Behold the darling, whom thy fondneſs feeds
With far-fetch'd delicates, the dear-bought gains
Of ill-ſpent time, the price of half thy pains:
Behold thy darling, who, when clad by thee,
Derides thy nakedneſs; and, when moſt free,
Proclaims her lover ſlave; and, being fed
Moſt full, then ſtrikes th'indulgent feeder dead.
What mean'ſt thou thus, my poor deluded ſoul,
To love ſo fondly? can the burning coal
Of thy affection laſt without the fuel
Of counter-love? Is thy compeer ſo cruel,
And thou ſo kind to love, unlov'd again?
Canſt thou ſow favours, and thus reap diſdain?

Remember,

B. V. *Emb. 8.*

Rom: 7. 24

O wretched Man! thus doomd to draw thy Breath
Within the loathsome Body of this Death.



Remember, O remember thou art born
Of royal blood; remember, thou art ſworn
A maid of honor in the court of heav'n;
Remember, what a coſtly price was giv'n
To ranſom thee from ſlav'ry thou wert in:
And wilt thou now, my ſoul, turn ſlave again?
The ſon and heir to heav'n's Tri-une JEHOVE
Would fain become a ſuitor for thy love;
And offers for thy dow'r* his Father's throne,
To ſit for ſeraphims to gaze upon;
He'll give thee honor, pleaſure, wealth, and things
Tranſcending far the majeſty of kings:
And wilt thou proſtrate to the odious charms
Of this baſe ſcullion? ſhall his hollow arms
Hug thy ſoft ſides? Shall theſe coarſe hands untie
The ſacred zone of thy virginity?
For ſhame, degen'rous ſoul, let thy deſire
Be quicken'd up with more heroic fire?
Be wiſely proud, let thy ambitious eye
Read nobler objects; let thy thoughts defy
Such am'rous baſeneſs; let thy ſoul diſdain
Th'ignoble proffers of ſo baſe a ſwain;
Or if thy vows be paſt, and Hymen's bands
Have ceremony'd your unequal hands,
Annul, at leaſt avoid, thy lawleſs act
With inſufficiency, or precontract:
Or if the act be good, yet may'ſt thou plead
A ſecond freedom; for the fleſh is dead.

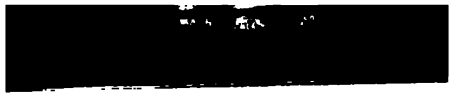
* *Dower*; i. e. jointure, or portion.

NAZIANZ. Orat. xvi.

How I am joined to this body, I know not; which when it is healthful, provoketh me to war; and, being damaged by war, affecteth me with grief: which I both love as a fellow-ſervant, and hate as an utter enemy. It is a pleaſant foe, and a perfidious friend. O ſtrange conjunction and alienation! what I fear, I embrace; and what I love, I am afraid of: before I make war, I am reconciled; before I enjoy peace, I am at variance.

EPIG. 8.

What need that houſe be daub'd with fleſh and blood?
Hang'd round with ſilks and gold? repair'd with food?
Coſt idly ſpent! that coſt doth but prolong
Thy thraldom. Fool, thou make'ſt thy gaol too ſtrong.



Phil. 1. 23.

Wishing for Christ, a dubious state is mine,
I'm bound to Earth, but pant for Things divine.

IX.

PHILIPPIANS i. 23.

I am in a ſtrait between two, having a deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt.

1.

WHAT meant our careful parents, ſo to wear
And laviſh out their ill-extended hours,
To purchaſe for us large poſſeſſions here,
Which (tho' unpurchas'd) are too truly ours?
What meant they, ah! what meant they to endure
Such loads of needleſs labour, to procure
And make that thing our own, which was our own too ſure?

2.

What mean theſe liv'ries * and poſſeſſive keys?
What mean theſe bargains, and theſe needleſs ſales?
What need theſe jealous, theſe ſuſpicious ways,
Of law-devis'd and law-diſſolv'd entails?
No need to ſweat for gold, wherewith to buy
Eſtates of high-prize'd land; no need to tie
Earth to their heirs, were they but clogg'd with earth, as I.

3.

O were their ſouls but clogg'd with earth, as I,
They would not purchaſe with ſo ſalt an itch;
They would not take of alms, what now they buy;
Nor call him happy, whom the world counts rich;
They would not take ſuch pains, project and prog,
To charge their ſhoulders with ſo great a log:
Who hath the greater lands, hath but the greater clog.

* *Liveries*; a law-term, expreſſive of legal conveyance of an eſtate.

4.

I cannot do an act which earth diſdains not;
I cannot think a thought which earth corrupts not;
I cannot ſpeak a word which earth profanes not;
I cannot make a vow earth interrupts not:
If I but offer up an early groan,
Or ſpread my wings to heav'n's long long'd-for throne,
She darkens my complaint, and drags my off'ring down.

5.

Ev'n like the hawk (whoſe keeper's wary hands
Have made a priſ'ner to her weath'ring ſtock),
Forgetting quite the pow'r of her faſt bands,
Makes a rank-bate * from her forſaken block;
But her too faithful leaſh † doth ſoon retain
Her broken flight, attempted oft in vain;
It gives her loins a twitch, and tugs her back again.

6.

So, when my ſoul directs her better eye
To heav'n's bright palace, where my treaſure lies,
I ſpread my willing wings, but cannot fly;
Earth hales me down, I cannot, cannot riſe:
When I but ſtrive to mount the leaſt degree,
Earth gives a jerk, and foils me on my knee;
Lord, how my ſoul is rack'd betwixt the world and thee!

7.

Great God! I ſpread my feeble wings in vain;
In vain I offer my extended hands:
I cannot mount till thou unlink my chain:
I cannot come till thou releaſe my bands:
Which if thou pleaſe to break, and then ſupply
My wings with ſpirit, th' eagle ſhall not fly
A pitch that's half ſo fair, nor half ſo ſwift as I.

* *Rank-bate*; i. e. a ſtrong ſpring for flight. † *Leaſh*; i. e. *thong*, by which ſhe is faſten'd to her ſtock or perch.

S. BO-

S. BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. i.

Ah! ſweet Jeſus, pierce the marrow of my ſoul with the healthful ſhafts of thy love, that it may truly burn and melt and languiſh with the only deſire of thee; that it may deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with thee: let it hunger alone for the bread of life: let it thirſt after thee, the ſpring and fountain of eternal light, the ſtream of true pleaſure: let it always deſire thee, ſeek thee, and find thee, and ſweetly reſt in thee.

EPIG. 9.

What, will thy ſhackles neither looſe nor break?
Are they too ſtrong, or is thine arm too weak?
Art will prevail where knotty ſtrength denies;
My ſoul, there's aqua-fortis in thine eyes.

X.

Psalm cxlii. 7.

Bring my ſoul out of priſon, that I may praiſe thy name.

MY ſoul is like a bird; my fleſh the cage,
Wherein ſhe wears her weary pilgrimage
Of hours, as few as evil, daily fed
With ſacred wine, and ſacramental bread;
The keys that lock her in, and let her out,
Are birth and death; 'twixt both, ſhe hops about
From perch to perch, from ſenſe to reaſon; then,
From higher reaſon, down to ſenſe again:
From ſenſe ſhe climbs to faith; where, for a ſeaſon,
She ſits and ſings; then down again to reaſon:
From reaſon, back to faith; and ſtrait, from thence,
She rudely flutters to the perch of ſenſe:
From ſenſe, to hope; then hops from hope to doubt;
From doubt, to dull deſpair; there ſeeks about
For deſp'rate freedom, and, at ev'ry grate,
She wildly thruſts, and begs th' untimely date
Of th' unexpire'd thraldom, to releaſe
Th' afflicted captive, that can find no peace.
Thus am I coop'd; within this fleſhly cage
I wear my youth, and waſte my weary age,
Spending that breath, which was ordain'd to chant
Heav'n's praiſes forth, in ſighs and ſad complaint:
Whilſt happier birds can ſpread their nimble wing
From ſhrubs to cedars, and there chirp and ſing,
In choice of raptures, the harmonious ſtory
Of man's redemption, and his Maker's glory.

You

Pſalm 142. 7.

Lord, free my Captive Soul; and then thy Praiſe
Shall fill the remnant of my joyful Days.

You glorious martyrs, you illuſtrious troops,
That once were cloiſter'd in your fleſhly coops
As faſt as I, what rhet'ric had your tongues!
What dextrous art had your elegiac ſongs!
What Paul-like pow'r had your admire'd devotion!
What ſhackle-breaking faith infus'd ſuch motion
To your ſtrong pray'r, that could obtain the boon *
To be enlarge'd; to be uncage'd ſo ſoon!
Whilſt I, poor I, can ſing my daily tears,
Grown old in bondage, and can find no ears:
You great partakers of eternal glory,
That, with your heav'n-prevailing oratory,
Releas'd your ſouls from your terreſtrial cage,
Permit the paſſion of my holy rage
To recommend my ſorrows, dearly known
To you, in days of old, and once your own,
To your beſt thoughts (but oh, 't doth not befit ye
To move your pray'rs; you love joy, not pity):
Great Lord of ſouls, to whom ſhould pris'ners fly,
But thee? thou hadſt a cage as well as I;
And, for my ſake, thy pleaſure was to know
The ſorrows that it brought, and felt'ſt them too:
O ſet me free, and I will ſpend thoſe days,
Which now I waſte in begging, in thy praiſe.

* *Boon*; i. e. the deſired favour.

ANSELM. in Protolog. Cap. i.

O miſerable condition of mankind, that has loſt that for which he was created! Alas! what hath he loſt? and what hath he found? He hath loſt happineſs, for which he was made; and found miſery, for which he was not made. What is gone? and what is left? That thing is gone, without which he is unhappy: that thing is left, by which he is miſerable. O wretched men! from whence are we expelled? to what are we impelled? Whence are we thrown? and whither are we hurried? From our home, into baniſhment; from the ſight of God, into our own blindneſs; from the pleaſure of immortality, to the bitterneſs of death. Miſerable change! from how great a good, to how great an evil! Ah me! what have I enterpriſed? what have I done? whither did I go? whither am I come?

EPIG. 10.

Paul's midnight voice prevail'd; his muſic's thunder
Unhinge'd the priſon-doors, ſplit bolts in ſunder:
And ſitt'ſt thou here, and hang'ſt the feeble wing?
And whine'ſt to be enlarge'd? Soul, learn to ſing.

XI.

PSALM xlii. 1.

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, ſo panteth my ſoul after thee, O God.

1.

HOW ſhall my tongue expreſs that hallow'd fire
Which heav'n hath kindled in my raviſh'd heart?
What muſe ſhall I invoke, that will inſpire
My lowly quill to act a lofty part?
What art ſhall I deviſe, t' expreſs deſire
Too intricate to be expreſs'd by art?
Let all the Nine be ſilent; I refuſe
Their aid in this high taſk; for they abuſe
The flames of love too much: aſſiſt me, David's muſe.

2.

Not as the thirſty ſoil deſires ſoft ſhow'rs,
To quicken and refreſh her embryon grain *;
Nor as the drooping creſts of fading flow'rs
Requeſt the bounty of a morning rain,
Do I deſire my God: Theſe, in few hours,
Re-wiſh what late their wiſhes did obtain;
But as the ſwift-foot hart doth wounded fly
To th' much-deſired ſtreams, ev'n ſo do I
Pant after thee my God, whom I muſt find, or die.

* *Embryon grain*; i. e. ſeed in the earth not come up.

Before

3.

Before a pack of deep-mouth'd luſts I flee;
O, they have ſingled out my panting heart:
And wanton Cupid, ſitting in a tree,
Hath pierce'd my boſom with a flaming dart;
My ſoul, being ſpent, for refuge ſeeks to thee,
But cannot find where thou my refuge art:
Like as the ſwift-foot hart doth wounded fly
To the deſired ſtreams, ev'n ſo do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find, or die.

4.

At length, by flight, I overwent the pack;
Thou drew'ſt the wanton dart from out my wound;
The blood that follow'd, left a purple track,
Which brought a ſerpent, but in ſhape a hound;
We ſtrove, he bit me; but thou brake'ſt his back,
I left him grov'ling on th'envenom'd ground:
But as the ſerpent-bitten hart doth fly
To the long long'd-for ſtreams, ev'n ſo do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find, or die.

5.

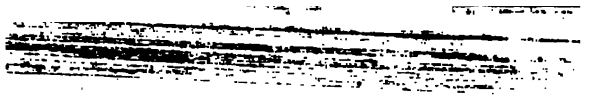
If luſt ſhould chaſe my ſoul, made ſwift by fright,
Thou art the ſtream whereto my ſoul is bound:
Or if a jav'lin wound my ſides in flight,
Thou art the balſam that muſt cure my wound:
If poiſon chance t'infeſt my ſoul in ſight,
Thou art the treacle that muſt make me ſound:
Ev'n as the wounded hart, emboſt *, doth fly
To th'ſtreams extremely long'd for, ſo do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find, or die.

* *Emboſt*; i. e. wearied to a foaming: a term of hunters.

B. V. *Emb.* 11.

Psalm 42 1.

Ev'n as the Hart the cooling Streams desires.
So to the Lord of Life my Soul aspires.



S. CYRIL. Lib. v. in Joh. Cap x.

O precious water! which quencheth the noiſom thi of this world, ſcoureth all the ſtains of ſinners, that w tereth the earth of our ſouls with heavenly ſhowe and bringeth back the thirſty heart of man to his o God!

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xxxv.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, wh ſhall I leave this forſaken, impaſſible, and dry earth, a taſte the waters of thy ſweetneſs, that I may behold t virtue and thy glory, and ſlake my thirſt with the ſtrea of thy mercy! Lord, I thirſt; thou art the ſpring of li ſatisfy me: I thirſt, Lord, I thirſt after thee the livi God!

EPIG. 11.

The arrow-ſmitten hart, deep-wounded, flies
To th' ſprings, with water in his weeping eyes:
Heav'n is thy ſpring: if Satan's fiery dart
Pierce thy faint ſides: do ſo, my wounded heart.

XII.

Psalm xlii. 2.

When ſhall I come and appear before God?

WHAT is my ſoul the better, to be tine'd *
With holy fire? what boots † it to be coin'd
With heav'n's own ſtamp? what 'vantage ‡ can there be
To ſouls of heav'n-deſcended pedigree,
More than to beaſts that grovel? are not they
Fed by th' Almighty's hand? and ev'ry day,
Fill'd with his bleſſings too? Do they not ſee
God in his creatures, as direct as we?
Do they not taſte thee? hear thee? nay, what ſenſe
Is not partaker of thine excellence?
What more do we? alas! what ſerves our reaſon,
But, like dark lanterns, to accompliſh treaſon
With greater cloſeneſs? It affords no light,
Brings thee no nearer to our purblind ſight:
No pleaſure riſes up the leaſt degree,
Great God! but in the clearer view of thee:
What priv'lege more than ſenſe, hath reaſon, then?
What 'vantage is it to be born a man?
How often hath my patience built, dear Lord,
Vain tow'rs of hope upon thy gracious word!
How often hath thy hope-reviving grace
Woo'd my ſuſpicious eyes to ſeek thy face!
How often have I ſought thee! O how long
Hath expectation taught my perfect tongue
Repeated pray'rs, yet pray'rs could ne'er obtain!
In vain I ſeek thee, and I beg in vain:

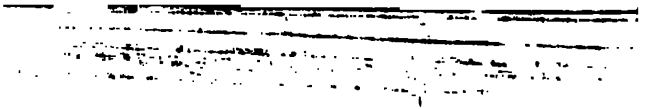
* *Tined*; i. e. lighted up. † *Boots*; i. e. profits. ‡ *Vantage*; i. e. advantage.

If

B.V. *Emb.12.*

Pſalm 42.2.

'Tis to my God, my Soul would fain draw near;
Lord in thy Preſence when ſhall I appear?



If it be high preſumption to behold
Thy face, why didſt thou make mine eyes ſo bold
To ſeek it? If that object be too bright
For man's aſpect, why did thy lips invite
Mine eye t' expect it? If it might be ſeen,
Why is this envious curtain drawn between
My darken'd eye and it? O tell me, why
Thou doſt command the thing thou doſt deny?
Why doſt thou give me ſo unprize'd a treaſure,
And then deny'ſt my greedy ſoul the pleaſure
To view my gift? Alas! that gift is void,
And is no gift, that may not be enjoy'd:
If thoſe refulgent beams of heav'n's great light
Gild not the day, what is the day but night?
The drowſy ſhepherd ſleeps, flow'rs droop and fade;
The birds are ſullen, and the beaſt is ſad:
But if bright Titan dart his golden ray,
And with his riches glorify the day,
The jolly ſhepherd pipes; flow'rs freſhly ſpring;
The beaſts grow gameſome, and the birds they ſing.
Thou art my ſun, great God! O when ſhall I
View the full beams of thy meridian eye?
Draw, draw this fleſhly curtain, that denies
The gracious preſence of thy glorious eyes;
Or give me faith; and, by the eye of grace,
I ſhall behold thee, though not face to face.

S. AU-

S. AUGUST. in Pſal. xxxix.

Who created all things, is better than all things: who beautified all things, is more beautiful than all things: who made ſtrength, is ſtronger than all things: who made great things, is greater than all things: whatſoever thou loveſt, he is that to thee: learn to love the workman in his work, the Creator in his creature. Let not that which was made by him poſſeſs thee, leſt thou loſe him by whom thyſelf was made.

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xxxvii.

O thou moſt ſweet, moſt gracious, moſt amiable, moſt fair, when ſhall I ſee thee? when ſhall I be ſatisfied with thy beauty? when wilt thou lead me from this dark dungeon, that I may confeſs thy name?

EPIG. 14.

How art thou ſhaded, in this veil of night,
Behind thy curtain fleſh! Thou ſeeſt no light,
But what thy pride doth challenge as her own;
Thy fleſh is high: ſoul, take this curtain down.

Pſalm. 55. 6.

O that I had the Pinions of a Dove!
Then would I ſeek the Realms of Peace and Love.

XIII.

PSALM lv. 6.

O that I had the wings of a dove, for then I would fly away and be at reſt.

1.

AND am I ſworn a dunghill-ſlave for ever
To earth's baſe drudg'ry? Shall I never find
A night of reſt? Shall my indentures never
Be cancell'd? Did injurious nature bind
My ſoul earth's 'prentice, with no clauſe to leave her?
No day of freedom? Muſt I for ever grind?
O that I had the pinions of a dove,
That I might quit my bands, and ſoar above,
And pour my juſt complaints before the great JEHOVE!

2.

How happy are the doves, that have the pow'r,
Whene'er they pleaſe, to ſpread their airy wings!
Or cloud-dividing eagles, that can tow'r
Above the ſcent of theſe inferior things!
How happy is the lark, that ev'ry hour
Leaves earth, and then for joy mounts up and ſings!
Had my dull ſoul but wings as well as they,
How I would ſpring from earth, and clip * away,
As wiſe Aſtræa did, and ſcorn this ball of clay!

* *Clip*; i. e. fly ſwiftly.

3.

O how my ſoul would ſpurn this ball of clay,
And loath the dainties of earth's painful pleaſure!
O how I'd laugh to ſee men night and day
Turmoil to gain that traſh, they call their treaſure!
O how I'd ſmile to ſee what plots they lay
To catch a blaſt, or own a ſmile from Cæſar!
Had I the pinions of a mounting dove,
How I would ſoar and ſing, and hate the love
Of tranſitory toys, and feed on joys above!

4.

There ſhould I find that everlaſting pleaſure,
Which change removes not, and which chance pre-
There ſhould I find that everlaſting treaſure [vents not;
Which force deprives not, fortune diſaugments *
There ſhould I find that everlaſting Cæſar, [not;
Whoſe hand recalls not, and whoſe heart repents
Had I the pinions of a clipping dove, [not;
How I would climb the ſkies, and hate the love
Of tranſitory toys, and joy in things above!

5.

No rank-mouth'd ſlander there ſhall give offence,
Or blaſt our blooming names, as here they do;
No liver-ſcalding luſt ſhall there incenſe
Our boiling veins; there is no Cupid's bow:
Lord, give my ſoul the milk-white innocence
Of doves, and I ſhall have their pinions too:
Had I the pinions of a clipping dove,
How I would quit this earth, and ſoar above,
And heav'n's bleſt kingdom find, with heav'n's bleſt
[King Jehove!

* *Diſaugments*; i. e. waſteth.

S. AU-

S. AUGUST. in Pſal. cxxxviii.

What wings ſhould I deſire, but the two precepts of love, on which the law and the prophets depend! O if I could obtain theſe wings, I could fly from thy face to thy face; from the face of thy juſtice, to the face of thy mercy: let me find theſe wings by love, which we have loſt by luſt.

S. AUGUST. in Pſal. lxxvi.

Let us caſt off whatſoever hindereth, entangleth, or burdeneth our flight, until we attain that which ſatisfieth; beyond which, nothing is; beneath which, all things are; of which, all things are.

EPIG. 13.

Tell me, my wiſhing ſoul, didſt ever try
How faſt the wings of red-croſs'd faith can fly?
Why begg'ſt thou, then, the pinions of a dove?
Faith's wings are ſwifter; but the ſwifteſt, love.

XIV.

Psalm lxxiv. 1.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O God of hosts!

ANcient of days, to whom all things are now,
Before whose glory seraphims do bow
Their blushing cheeks, and veil their blemish'd faces,
That, uncontain'd, at once dost fill all places;
How glorious, O how far beyond the height
Of puzzled quills, or the obtuse conceit
Of flesh and blood, or the too flat reports
Of mortal tongues, are thy expressless courts!
Whose glory to paint forth with greater art,
Ravish my fancy, and inspire my heart;
Excuse my bold attempt, and pardon me
For shewing sense, what faith alone should see.
Ten thousand millions, and ten thousand more
Of angel-measure'd leagues, from th'eastern shore
Of dungeon earth, his glorious palace stands,
Before whose pearly gates ten thousand bands
Of armed angels wait to entertain
Those purged souls, for which the Lamb was slain;
Whose guiltless death, and voluntary yielding
Of whose giv'n life, gave the brave court her building;
The lukewarm blood of this dear Lamb, being spilt,
To rubies turn'd, whereof her posts were built;
And what dropp'd down in a kind gelid gore,
Did turn rich sapphires, and did pave her floor:
The brighter flames, that from his eye-balls ray'd,
Grew chrysolytes, whereof her walls were made:

The

Pſalm 8.4.1.

How bright, how glorious, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy heavnly Mansions are!

The milder glances ſparkled on the ground,
And groundſil'd ev'ry door with diamond;
But dying, darted upwards, and did fix
A battlement of pureſt ſardonyx.
Her ſtreets with burniſh'd gold are paved round,
Stars lie like pebbles ſcatter'd on the ground:
Pearl mixt with onyx, and the jaſper ſtone,
Made gravell'd cauſeways to be trampled on.
There ſhines no ſun by day, no moon by night;
The palace glory is, the palace light:
There is no time to meaſure motion by,
There time is ſwallow'd in eternity:
Wry-mouth'd diſdain, and corner-hunting luſt,
And twy-face'd fraud, and beetle-brow'd diſtruſt,
Soul-boiling rage, and trouble-ſtate ſedition,
And giddy doubt, and goggle-eye'd ſuſpicion,
And lumpiſh ſorrow, and degen'rous fear,
Are baniſh'd thence, and death's a ſtranger there:
But ſimple love, and ſempiternal joys
Whoſe ſweetneſs neither gluts, nor fullneſs cloys;
Where face to face our raviſh'd eye ſhall ſee
Great ELOHIM, that glorious One in Three,
And Three in One, and ſeeing him ſhall bleſs him,
And bleſſing, love him; and, in love, poſſeſs him.
Here ſtay, my ſoul, and, raviſh'd in relation,
The words being ſpent, ſpend now in contemplation.

S. GREG. in Pſal. vii. pœnitent.

Sweet Jeſus, the word of the Father, the brightneſs of paternal glory, whom angels delight to view, teach me to do thy will; that, led by thy good Spirit, I may come to that bleſſed city, where day is eternal; where there is certain ſecurity, and ſecure eternity; and eternal peace, and peaceful happineſs; and happy ſweetneſs, and ſweet pleaſure; where thou, O God, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, liveſt and reigneſt world without end.

Ibidem.

There is light, without darkneſs; joy, without grief; deſire, without puniſhment; love, without ſadneſs; ſatiety, without loathing; ſafety, without fear; health, without diſeaſe; and life, without death.

EPIG. 24.

My ſoul, pry not too nearly; the complexion
Of Sol's bright face is ſeen by the reflexion
But wouldſt thou know what's heav'n? I'll tell thee what:
Think what thou canſt not think, and heav'n is that.

XV.

CANTICLES viii. 14.

Make haſte, my beloved, and be like the roe, or the young hart upon the mountains of ſpices.

GO, gentle tyrant, go; thy flames do pierce
My ſoul too deep; thy flames are too, too fierce;
My marrow melts, my fainting ſpirits fry
I' th' torrid zone of thy meridian eye:
Away, away, thy ſweets are too perfuming:
Turn, turn thy face, thy fires are too conſuming:
Haſte hence, and let thy winged ſteps outgo
The frighted roebuck, and his flying roe.
But wilt thou leave me, then? O thou, that art
Life of my ſoul, ſoul of my dying heart,
Without the ſweet aſpect of whoſe fair eyes
My ſoul doth languiſh, and her ſolace dies?
Art thou ſo eas'ly woo'd? ſo apt to hear
The frantic language of my fooliſh fear?
Leave, leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, tho' thine eyes o'ercome me.
O how they wound! but how my wounds content me!
How ſweetly theſe delightful pains torment me!
How am I torture'd in exceſſive meaſure
Of pleaſing cruelties! too cruel treaſure *!
Turn, turn away, remove thy ſcorching beams;
I languiſh with theſe bitter-ſweet extremes:
Haſte then, and let thy winged ſteps outgo
The flying roebuck, and his frighted roe.

* *Treaſure*, read pleaſure.

Turn back, my dear; O let my raviſh'd eye
Once more behold thy face, before thou fly;
What, ſhall we part without a mutual kiſs?
O who can leave ſo ſweet a face as this?
Look full upon me; for my ſoul deſires
To turn a holy martyr in thoſe fires:
  O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
  Look, look upon me, tho' thy flames o'ercome me.
If thou becloud the ſunſhine of thine eye,
I freeze to death; and if it ſhine, I fry;
Which, like a fever, that my ſoul hath got,
Makes me to burn too cold, or freeze too hot:
Alas! I cannot bear ſo ſweet a ſmart,
Nor canſt thou be leſs glorious than thou art.
  Haſte then, and let thy winged ſteps outgo
  The frighted roebuck, and his flying roe.
But go not far beyond the reach of breath;
Too large a diſtance makes another death:
My youth is in her ſpring; autumnal vows
Will make me riper for ſo ſweet a ſpouſe;
When after-times have burniſh'd my deſire,
I'll ſhoot thee flames for flames, and fire for fire.
  O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
  Look, look upon me, tho' thy flames o'ercome me.

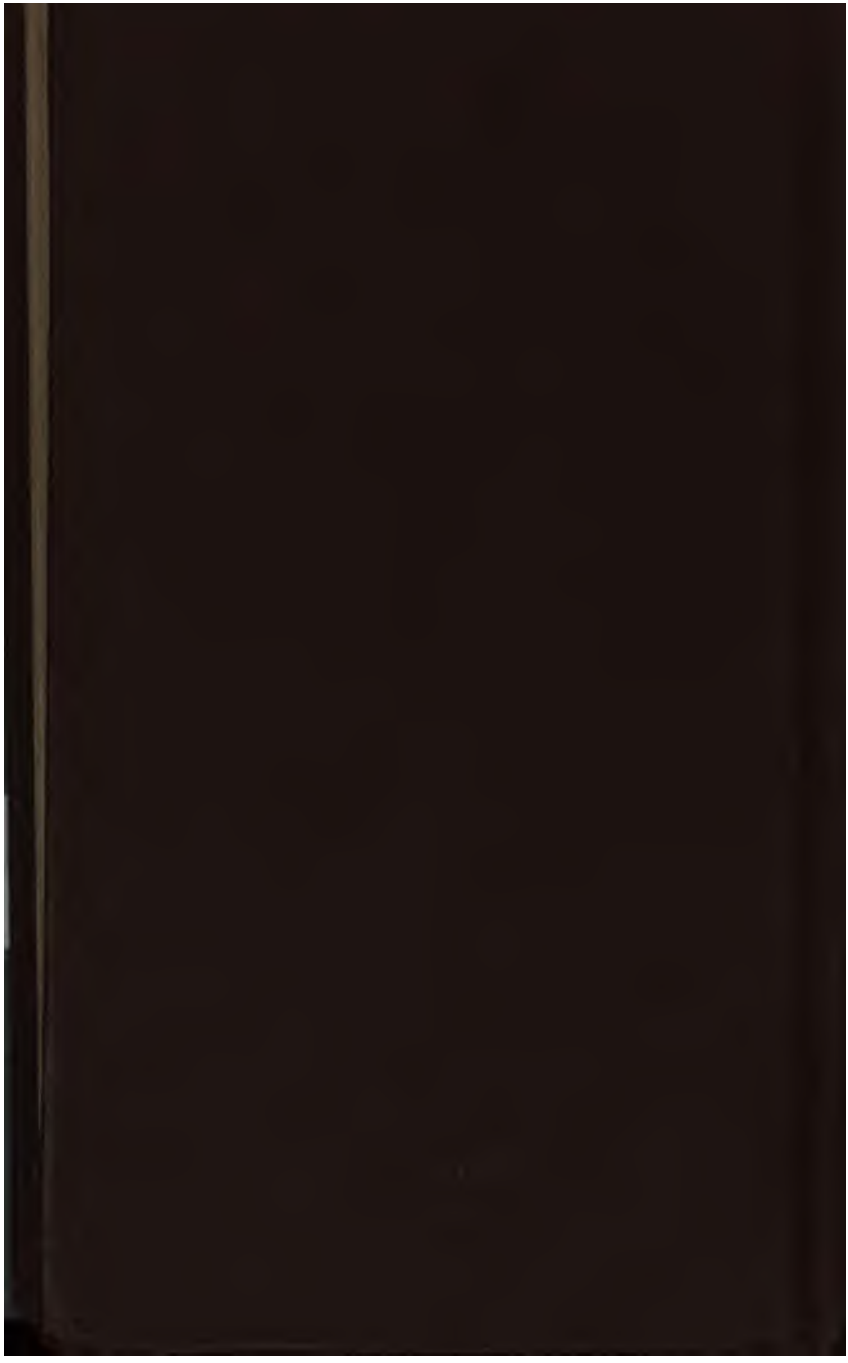
B.V. *Emb.15.*

Cant: 8.14.

Haste then my Love, be like the bounding Roe,
Over the fragrant Hills where Spices grow.

Autor Scalæ Paradiſi, Tom. iv. Aug. Cap. viii.

Fear not, O bride, nor deſpair; think not thyſelf contemned, if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face a while: All things co-operate for the beſt: both from his abſence, and his preſence, thou gaineſt light: he cometh to thee, and he goeth from thee: he cometh, to make thee conſolate; he goeth, to make thee cautious, leſt thy abundant conſolation puff thee up: he cometh, that thy languiſhing ſoul may be conforted; he goeth, leſt his familiarity ſhould be contemned; and, being abſent, to be more deſired; and, being deſired, to be more earneſtly ſought: and, being long ſought, to be more acceptably found.

EPIG. 15.

My ſoul, ſin's monſter, whom with greater eaſe,
Ten thouſand fold, thy God could make than pleaſe,
What would'ſt thou have? Nor pleas'd with ſun, nor ſhade?
Heav'n knows not what to make of what he made.